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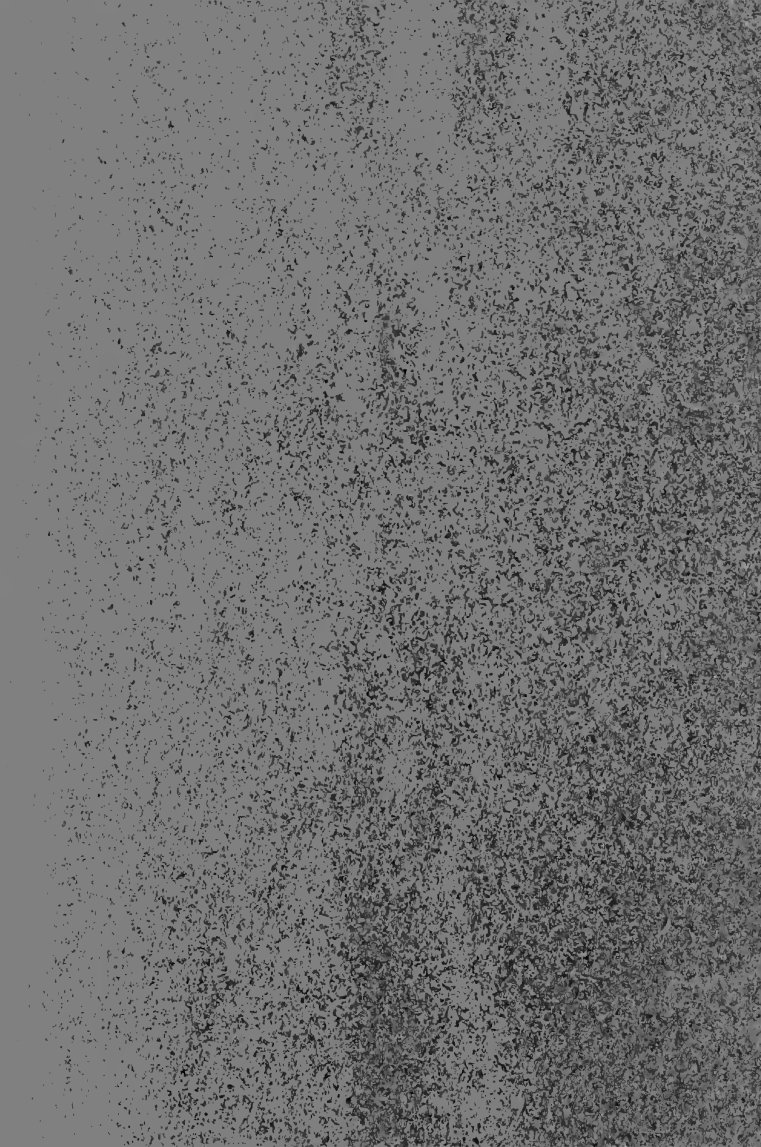


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Among the Bhotiyas and Their Neighbors

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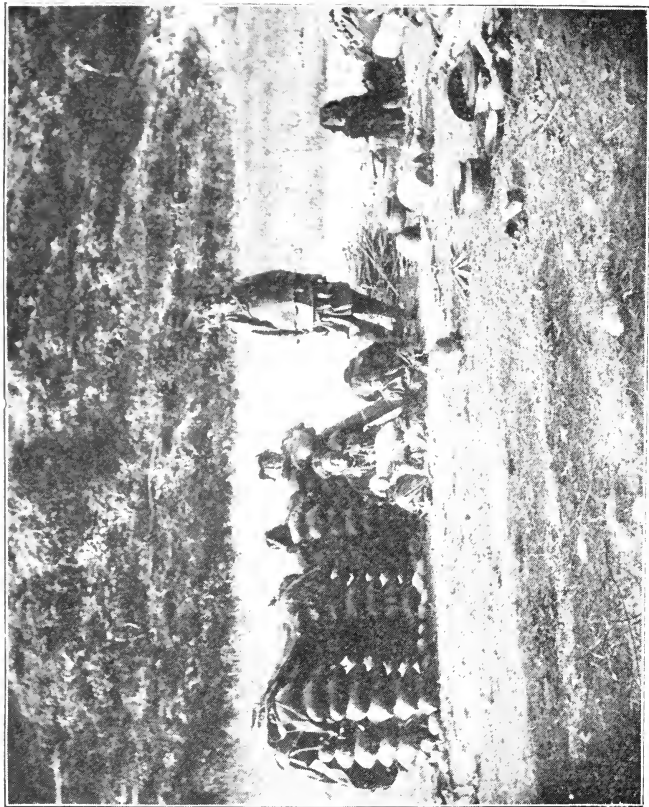


Tibetan Edelweiss.

E. C. M. Browne.



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TIBETAN CAMP WITH SHEEP-LOADS OF BORAX.

Among the Bhotiyas
and Their Neighbors.



(Miss)

E. C. M. BROWNE.

THE NICHOLS PRESS:
THOS. P. NICHOLS, LYNN, MASS.

INTRODUCTION.

TIBET, the "Great Closed Land," has in more recent years been an object of special interest to missionaries, and their Boards. This "roof of the world" may well be called the "Crown of Asia," as her greatest rivers, like the Hoang Ho and Yangtse Kiang of China, the Irrawadi of Burma, the Brahmaputra, Ganges, and Indus of India, rise there to flow down and water vast countries. Here in this great table land ranging from 10,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, rules the Grand Lama, "sea of wisdom," temporal and spiritual pope. Shut in by an encircling parapet of mighty mountains fringed with the birch and cedar, he and his followers, a very interesting people, wish to be left to their fancied wisdom. No wonder that missionary aspiration turning to the few remaining fields, seeks to seize this mysterious "crown" land, this home of the *mahatmas*, "great spirits," and plant it among the many crowns on Jesus' brow.

Early in the 18th century Jesuit missionaries penetrated to the heart of the country, and effected a lodgment in Lhasa, the capital. In 1760, during a period of war and anarchy in the country, these were expelled as mischief makers, and for nearly a century and a half the land has been effectively closed and veiled from the rest of the

world. Spasmodic efforts to gain a footing have all been thwarted. But "every creature" must hear the news of salvation, and the "siege of Tibet" goes on, and will till her walls fall down flat, and the gospel trumpeters march in straight before them, bearing the ark of the Lord.

Mr. F. B. Shaw, in writing of the "siege of Tibet,"* speaks of two missionary columns being pushed forward, one from the West by the Moravian missionaries, and another from the South by Miss Annie Taylor, with whom the Alliance Mission of America is seeking to coöperate. The London Missionary Society's tentative work from Almora is incidentally mentioned, but the writer seems entirely ignorant of a party who are driving a mine into Tibet farther East near the border of Nepal, also a closed land.

In the year 1895, Miss M. A. Sheldon, M.D., and later Miss E. Browne, of the Methodist Mission, with a small band of native workers, occupied Darchula, far up in the Himalayas, as a base from which to drive their mine and ultimately reach the Tibetans. Their immediate work is with the Bhotiyas, mentioned in this little book, who trade with the Tibetans and through whom at last, if in no other way, the gospel must filter into the closed land.

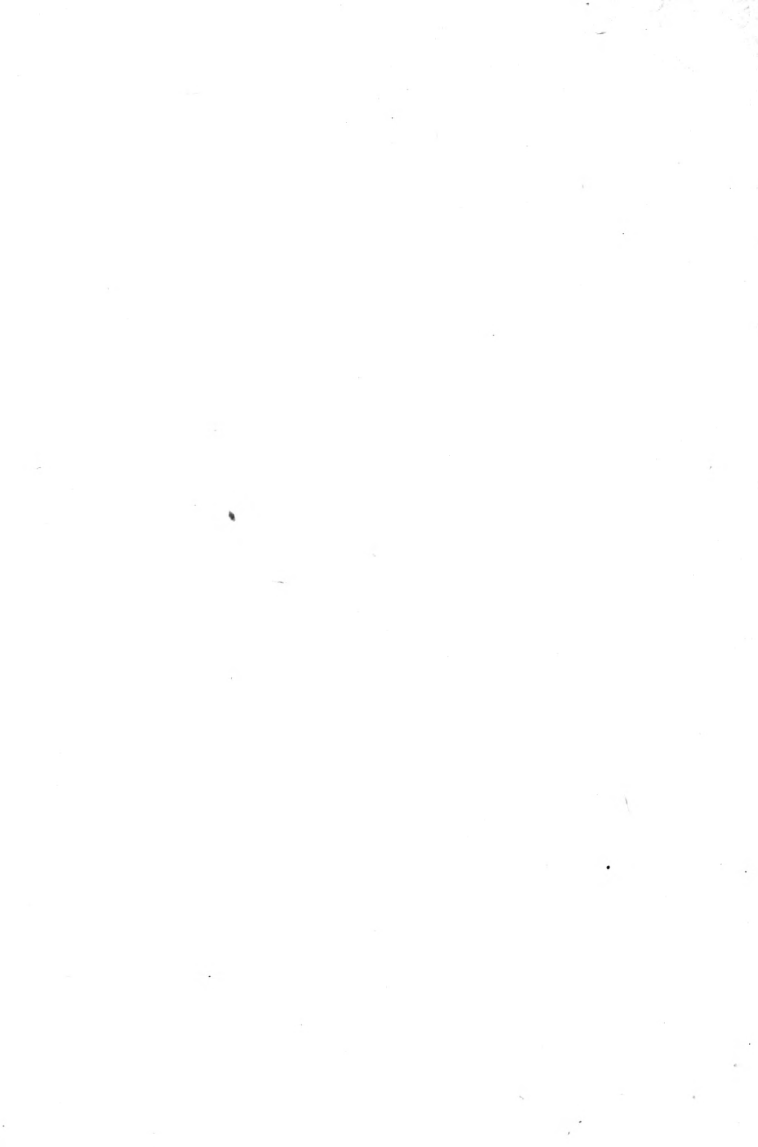
No one knows how or when the gospel reached Rome, leading to the founding of a church, in existence when Paul first visited that imperial city. Perhaps it was just in this way. But these enterprising missionary ladies, as will be seen in this charming little story, combine direct

* *Missionary Review of the World*, Feb., 1897.

work with the Tibetans. The object of a journey like this was to come into immediate touch with the people in their homes, get hold of their language, heal their sick, find their hearts with the "touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin," and place them and their "crown" land in the diadem of Jesus. Nothing can be more sublime than the faith and effort of such missionaries, far away from any other Europeans, living for many months without seeing another white face, climbing up the steepes, often in rain, or battling with snow and hail in lofty passes where sometimes the heart fails for very air, then bearding the lion in his den at the risk of personal violence. There is formed, independently of any immediate connections with the missions here mentioned, a "Tibet Prayer Union," in which all interested in the opening and complete redemption of this land, pray regularly for this result. Reader, join them and by the mystic prevailing power of prayer push the siege.

T. J. SCOTT, D.D.

Bareilly, India.



CHAPTER I.

THE COUNTRY.

IN beginning this narrative, I would, as far as possible, give our friends and readers a correct idea of our location. Some have wrongly placed us in Bhotan, because of the similarity in the two names, Bhot and Bhotan. We are separated from Bhotan by the independent native states of Sikm and Nepaul. Bhot, as I understand the term, means a very cold country, and is applied by the natives to Tibet, and also to the snowy range of the Himalaya Mountains and the mountains and valleys contiguous to it. Our work lies in the extreme northeastern part of Kumaon, a Himalayan District of India, in a strip of territory lying along the southern border of Tibet, having Nepaul on the eastern border, and the district of lower Kumaon on the southern. From one of the passes of the eternal snows, we may step into Tibet; and from a bridge over the Kâli River, we may step into Nepaul. The years we have put foot into Tibet, we have virtually crossed over the whole width of the Himalayan Range, a distance of about 200 miles. The further northward we go, the less is the rainfall during the monsoons. In some of the villages of upper Bhot, the inhabitants are under the necessity of irrigating their fields during the monsoons; and, as far as we have visited in Tibet, the villagers are wholly dependent on irrigation for the one crop they raise during the summer. In descending from the passes of the Himalayas into Tibet, we seem to have left clouds

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and rain behind us, and to have dropped into a land of perpetual sunshine.

Our people live in three *patis* (sections)—Darma, Biyas and Chaudas. Darma and Biyas lie on the Tibetan border, and are separated from each other by the Lebong Pass, about 18,000 feet high. Chaudas is south of Biyas; and these two *patis* are bordered on the east by Nepaul, with the Kâli River between. From Chaudas, our summer home, we may, by crossing the Lebong Pass, make a circuit through Darma and Biyas back to Chaudas, and *vice versa*. This we have done three times, accomplishing our work in one trip. But, as the tax on the vital organs, especially on the heart, is very great in crossing the Lebong Pass, up one side of which it is impossible to take a horse, we have concluded it is better to work in Darma and Biyas at different times.

From our part of the country there are four passes into Tibet—the Lipu, about 17,000 feet; the Mangshang, 21,000 feet; the Nue, about 19,000 feet, and the Tinkar about 18,000 feet high. The Lipu and Mangshang are in Biyas, the Nue in Darma, and the Tinkar in Nepaul. We have been over all but the Mangshang, riding, walking, or, when our strength has failed, have been drawn up by means of a sheet passed round the waist. There are many dangers attending a journey over these high ridges. One is from the rarefied atmosphere, which makes one feel when climbing as if the heart would literally break. On this account we have decided to cross passes only when we can do so on horseback, and so abstain from all exertion. Horses may be used over all but the Nue and Lebong Passes. In describing the ascent up these, a native holds his arm up in a perpendicular position. Another danger is from the crevasses in the glaciers. Both the Nue and the Lebong have glaciers on one side, where a man might easily be lost if he were to

turn out of the regular track. In crossing the Nue, travellers fasten long poles to the waist, in case one should fall into these ravines. Since we came to Bhot, a Tibetan has been lost in a chasm of the glacier on the Tibetan side of the Nue Pass; and this, too, in spite of the precaution he had taken in attaching a pole to his waist. For three days his voice was heard offering all his sheep to any one who would draw him out of his living grave; but all efforts to do so proved futile, though ropes forty or fifty feet long were thrown down the abyss. It was supposed that he had slidden off into a side passage.

The Lipu and the Tinkar are the safest and easiest of all the passes. The ascent up both sides is very gradual, and there are no glaciers in the way. The Lipu also opens earlier and closes later than any of the other passes. Whereas most of the others are open for only two, or, at the most, three months, it is possible to carry on trade over the Lipu from the beginning of June to the end of November. This gives the people of Biyas Bhot the advantage over other traders, even over those of Johár Bhot — another strip of country on the border of Tibet, lying to the west of us, and worked by the London Mission. During a part of the autumn, strings of Johár Bhotiyas with their sheep may be seen daily wending their way up to Biyas to carry on trade with the Tibetans, after their own pass has been closed. At the end of September, the people from the Indian border begin to leave the trading post in Tibet; but through October and November, the Tibetans themselves come over into Biyas, and a brisk trade is carried on between them and the people of Biyas and Chaudas, those from Johár and the hill tribes south and west of us.

CHAPTER II.

THE PEOPLE.

ON the plains of India the inhabitants of our Bhot and the Tibetans are commonly called Bhotiyas ; but in these parts this name is little used. The hill tribes call the people of our Bhot *Saukas*. They call themselves *Rang* (Rung). The Tibetans are called *Huniyas* by the hill people. The Saukas call them *Chhongpa* or *Pang* (Pung). They also go by other names, according to the portion of country they occupy. Those Tibetans who spend more than half the year in India, travelling down to the plains at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains for the winter months, where they exchange Tibetan products with the people of Hindostan, and cross into their own country during the summer, where they trade with the Tibetans, are called *Khampas*. The Tibetans who come down to the trading posts to trade with the Saukas, Khampas, and other people from over the Indian and Nepalese border, are called *Dokpas*. The Saukas expatiate on the wealth of the Dokpas, who, they say, live in tents so extensive that a man speaking at one end cannot be heard at the other. They own thousands of sheep, yaks and horses, recline on rich rugs of Tibetan manufacture and have numerous slaves to carry out their every wish. *Beppas* are the inhabitants living towards Lhasa. Last, but by no means least, for they are the terror of all, from the rajas down, are the *Jykpas* — the robber caste of Tibet. These are also wealthy like the Dokpas, from whom it is not always easy to distinguish them. In fact, some say, in Tibet all are robbers. These Jykpas also come down to the trading posts and engage in trade. They are not

apprehended, either out of fear of the large body to whom they belong, or because they are not recognized. In many ways these Jykpas remind one of the robber caste of Central India, who offer up prayer before setting out on their predatory expeditions. These Jykpas, too, are quite religious. Most of the jewelry, we are told, with which the images in the sacred shrines in Tibet are bedecked, is bestowed by Jykpas. They also engage in religious contemplation at the sacred places, not, we may rest assured, on account of compunction over their nefarious practices, but, rather, to insure success in their future exploits. Through dread of the Jykpas people do not travel above the trading posts except in large companies. Girls tell us that before starting out to visit the places of pilgrimage — Lake Mansarowar and Kailas, and Khujar Nath Mountains in Tibet — they divest themselves of all their jewelry, and travel in large numbers in order not to fall a prey to the Jykpas.

The Khampas and Saukas being the principal races among whom we are laboring, I should like to devote a few more lines in explanation of their manner of living. The Khampas are, as I have said, Tibetan nomads. They speak the Tibetan language; and, coming so much in contact with the people of India, many of them are acquainted with the Hindustani, though the best of them speak only a corrupt jargon. They live in tents all the year round; and, on their way from the plains of India up to Tibet, or from Tibet down to the plains, they never spend more than ten or fifteen days in a place. The longest time they are settled anywhere is two or three months during the summer in Tibet, and about the same length of time during the winter at some advantageous place at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. They use sheep, horses and donkeys, as beasts of burden, to carry the wool, salt, borax, gur (sorghum) and grains with which

they trade. The wool, salt and borax are obtainable in Tibet, in exchange for gur and grains which are taken up from the plains of India and the lower valleys of the Himalaya Mountains. Cattle are not kept, except by a few families of the wealthy, so that milk is a luxury not often enjoyed, even by the sick and children. The exposure and the changes of climate attending the nomadic life of the Khampas make it impossible for the cow—so indispensable to all civilized nations—to live and thrive. Many of the poorer Khampas visit the stations on the plains, even as far as Delhi, where they pick up a precarious living by begging, dancing, selling beads and stones, medicinal herbs, and a commodity called jumbo—the dried leaves of a plant found in Tibet and in the higher mountains of the Himalayas. This is much prized by Hindustani people, being very savory and answering the purposes of an onion.

Among the Saukas the men only live an unsettled life. The women remain stationary in their villages in upper Bhot during the summer, where they cultivate the land and help very materially towards the support of the family. Except ploughing, almost all the field work is done by women. On account of the heavy snowfall during the winter, it becomes necessary for the villagers of Darma and Biyas Bhot to move down to the lower valleys towards East Kumaon. They are then settled at Dharchula—a large plain on the banks of the Kâli River—nine marches from the nearest European station, Almora, and thirteen marches from the nearest railway station on the plains. Large settlements are also to be found at different points along the Kâli River, to a distance of about twenty miles. At Deo Thal, three or four marches into Nepaul, there is an assemblage of Biyas Bhotiyas as large as, or even larger than in Dharchula. Our winter work lies in Dharchula and along the banks of the Kâli. We once went two days'

marches into Nepaul on our way to visit the Biyas Saukas at Deo Thal; but were followed up by a messenger from the Nepalese Lieutenant residing across the river from Dharchula, and made to return. Since then there has been a change of officers, and the one in charge now has lately consented to our visiting Deo Thal—the result of a medical visit. The Chaudas Bhotiyas do not move down, as their villages are all below 9000 feet. We have two bungalows, one situated in Dharchula and the other in Chaudas. The winter homes of the Biyasis and Darmias consist of long lines of single huts, built of stone and plastered only on the inside with mud. Each family occupies a room in these lines which measures about 10 x 12 feet. The huts are thatched on the arrival of the occupants, and on their departure the grass is carried away by the hill people. Through the summer the rows of roofless huts present a most desolate appearance.

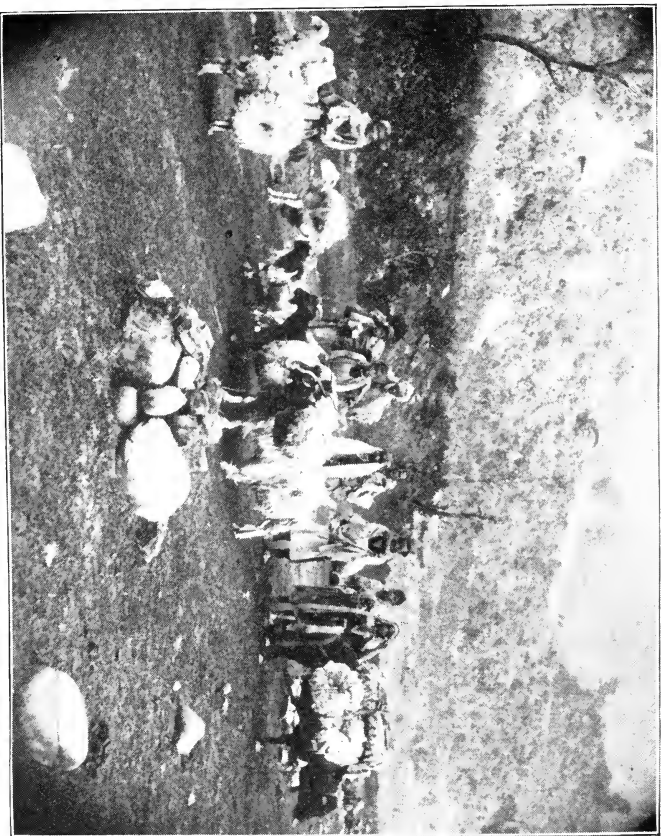
The men carry on trade much in the same way as the Khampas do. They employ all the afore-mentioned beasts of burden, except the donkey. A Tibetan camp is always recognizable by the proximity of this animal. A great part of the wool that is used in the manufactories of Cawnpore is carried down from Tibet by the Saukas and Khampas. Sheep and a large species of goats carry loads of grain weighing from ten to fifty pounds.

In their winter station the Sauka women and girls spin and weave clothes for themselves and the men and boys. They weave, also, blankets and rugs for their own use and for sale, besides the karbazes—bags that are used on sheep and other beasts of burden with which grain, etc., are filled. (Sheep and goats often have to carry their own dear little babies in the bag on their back when these happen to be born on the march.) As Sauka families own from twenty to two or three thousand sheep, besides horses and jhupus (half-breed yaks), the supplying them

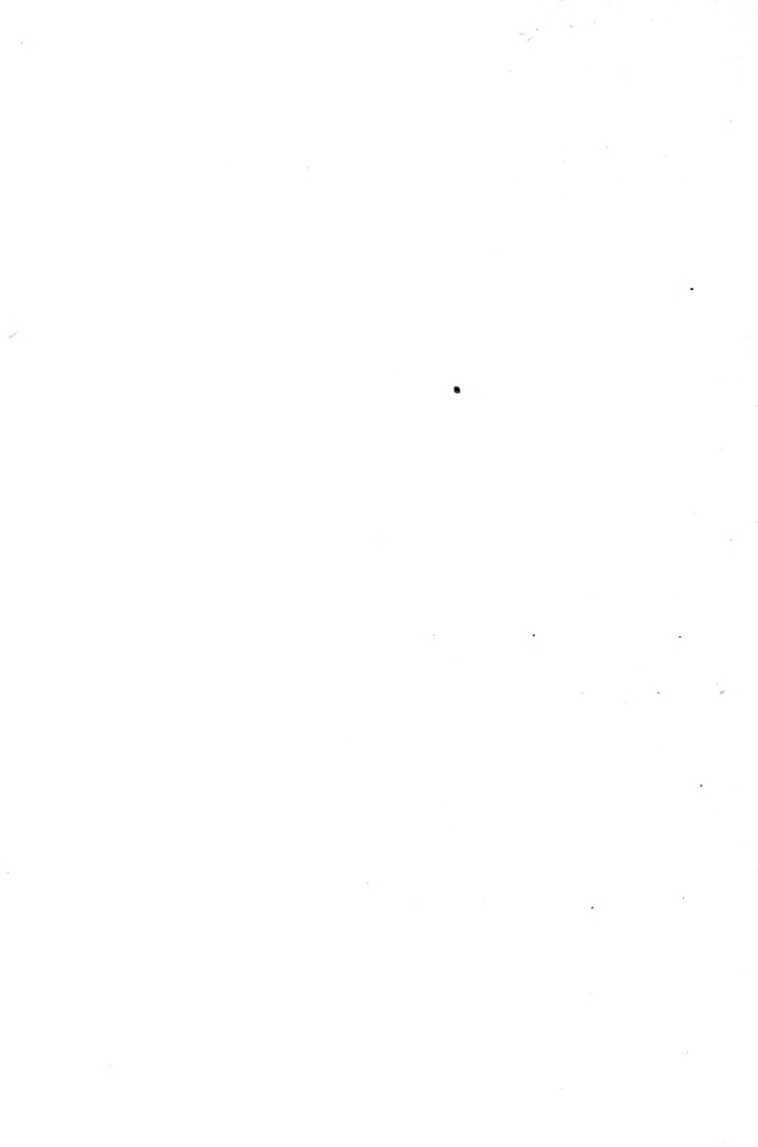
with bags entails an enormous expenditure of time and labor. Indeed, most of the night is spent in spinning, and most of the day in weaving; and sleep is taken only in snatches.

Besides the Saukas, who are *the* inhabitants of our Bhot, are the Sonars and Lohars — goldsmiths and blacksmiths. These are supposed to be in a lower social scale than the Saukas, who look upon them, especially upon the Lohars, as their servants. To each village of Saukas is attached a few families of Lohars, but their houses are generally a little way out of the village. Aside from regular blacksmith work, they beat the drum (about the only musical instrument in Bhot) at weddings, *dhudings* (funeral ceremonies) and all festivals. They also perform the offices of a physician and surgeon in a most crude way. Their chief antidote for almost all ailments is bleeding and burning; and we are often heart-sick at the way a patient's strength is sapped by their cruel mode of treatment. They also perform incantations on the sick to dispel the evil spirit that is supposed to have directly caused the affliction. So ignorant are the people, that they will as soon take the advice of one of these would-be quacks, as that of a full-fledged M.D.; which is, to say the least, very humiliating to one bearing that title. They are, as a rule, paid in kind by their employers, and have a share in the harvest ingatherings. Lohars are often, also, carpenters and masons. Bhotiyas themselves often engage in these handicrafts; but, as in India, these occupations are often relegated to those of lower caste.

Another class of dependents is the *Hurkiyas*. These, as also the Lohars and Sonars, are not indigenous to Bhot, but are from the southern districts of the Himalayas of India and Nepaul. These are generally very prolific; and we are often surprised at the large numbers who can live and thrive by begging among the Bhotiyas. A few



TIBETAN WOOL FOR THE CAWNPORE WOOLLEN MILLS.



are good tailors and sew for the Bhotiyas. We like to commend these by telling them that that is a more honorable way of earning a living than to get it by dancing and begging. Their calling seems to necessitate the adoption of a most cringing manner, and a peculiar whine, so that a Hurkiya has but to open his mouth to betray his personality. So irritating is this obsequiousness, that we are often under the necessity of reminding ourselves that these, too, are subjects of divine grace; and that Christ died for Hurkiyas as well as for the rest of mankind.

Strange as it may seem, the race names of those in a lower social scale, and of those less favored than their fellow men, are used by parents as appellations for their children, or as terms of endearment. "Hurkiya" is a common name among the Bhotiyas, as is also "Dum" (pronounced Dome by Hindustanis, meaning low-caste). Girls are often named "Loâri" from Lohâr — blacksmith — a dome. "Lâta" and "Lâti" — the appellation of a simple or half-witted person — are the names respectively of a girl and a boy. A boy and a girl are called "chhora" and "chhori" — a slave. "Muliya" (orphan) and "Lâta" and "Lâti" are pet names with both Saukas and hill people. Another common name, "Kukariya," is probably from "kukar" — a dog. The idea seems to be that in thus belittling a child in calling it by one of these derogatory names, it will not be molested by evil spirits. It may also be a safeguard against the evil eye.

CHAPTER III.

FORMER ATTEMPTS TO ENTER TIBET.

LIVING next door to Tibet, and coming in contact with the Tibetans who pass us on their way up and down to Tibet and the plains, our eyes, from the first, have

been attracted towards the "Forbidden Land." Our own people, the Saukas, are allied to the Tibetans. Their languages are distinct, but we find many words are common to both. In their features and in many of their customs the Saukas conform to the Tibetans. Through mingling with the Hindus of India, the Saukas are adopting the Hindu religion and many of the Hindu ways; but they also pay homage to the lamas of Tibet, and some villages have lamas as their priests.

With the help of the Khampas we have, off and on, studied the Tibetan language. We have never found anyone willing to teach us the written character; but have, with the help of the Hindi characters, rendered many translations from the gospels into the colloquial Tibetan. We sometimes visit the Khampa camps and read these to the people, who seem to understand them. It was in this way we learned the Sauka language, which has no written characters, and hence no literature.

During five years we made three attempts to enter Tibet, in all of which we did not succeed in entering farther than about seven miles.

Over the Tibetan border in our vicinity there are two large trading-posts,—Gyanima, where the Johar Bhotiyas, Darma Saukas and Darma Khampas trade with the Dokpas; and Taklakot, to which the Biyas and Chaudas Saukas and Khampas and the people of Nepaul resort. Our object in crossing the border has been to penetrate as far as Gyanima or Taklakot, and to establish a mission station at one of these summer resorts of the Tibetans and Saukas.

The first time we entered we journeyed as far as Pâla, about five miles over the border, where chowkidars (watchmen) are stationed to guard the pass. Our guide was anxious for us to press on, but we unwisely halted, feeling that neither we nor our coolies could proceed any farther

that day; for we were all exhausted after the unusual exertion of crossing a pass 17,000 feet high. True, Miss S. rode a pony and I was carried in a dandy; but she was feeling seasick and I had a splitting headache, the usual accompaniments of a journey in these high altitudes. Our servants and coolies, lying flat on the ground, had no ambition left even to partake of a meal after their strenuous exertions. Passing Tibetans had soon carried the news of our arrival to the Rájá (King) at Taklakot; and by next morning messengers had arrived from the Rájá peremptorily ordering us to return. We must not even cross the stream that flowed at a little distance in front of the dharmasala (rest-house). We were allowed to camp that day, but had to leave the day following.

The next year we crossed the Tinkar pass, and that time also went about five miles to a point where we found chowkidars stationed in the shelter of two great boulders. They said we must wait till orders were received from the Rájá. We knew what this meant; but our policy has always been not to show any resistance, so we acquiesced and encamped for the night. Some hours after, men began to arrive, who, we found, were deputed to guard us. That night our watchmen numbered about thirty. Some of them arrived late, and their loud whistling and yelling, apprising the men already with us of their approach, startled us out of our sleep. Beyond this we were not disturbed, and had a peaceful night. Next morning we made friends with our guard, and they, in turn, said they were not to blame for our ejection from the country. They had to obey the Rájá, or they would lose their heads.

Two years later we again endeavored to enter over the Lipu Pass. This time we passed the dharmasala at Pála, and were, as we thought, making good progress along the road to Taklakot; but from the first Tibetan habitation a man rushed out, and, seizing the reins of our horse,

ordered a halt. This man started off to Taklakot to enquire the pleasure of the Rája concerning us. We were stranded on a sandy plain, with the hot sun blazing down upon us. Our heads were aching and the intense glare made it difficult for us to keep our eyes open. Two powerful looking Tibetans passed us, and seemed much incensed at the sight of foreigners desecrating their sacred soil. They poured out their indignation in very abusive language, and one man stopped in his walk to beat his stick on the ground, indicating, no doubt, the way he would like to treat us. This was the year of the Chinese massacres, and the horrors of what our brethren had been called to go through in that land passed through our mind. We had sent a letter to Pandit Gobariya (the most influential Bhotiya) by his daughter, and had asked the Tibetan who had left us to go to the Pandit. It is not to the interest of the Bhotiyas, though, to aid Europeans in entering the country ; for, should they be known to have abetted foreigners in coming into Tibet, they would be severely punished.

Hours passed, and no word came from Taklakot. A kind-hearted Sauka, on his way down to Biyas, took compassion on us, and went back to Taklakot to see Pandit Gobariya on our behalf. Towards evening this man brought back word advising us to complete the rest of the journey at night ; and, once in Taklakot, he said he would use his influence with the Râja to induce him to allow us to stay. The Pandit, though kindly disposed towards us, would not involve himself by sending us an escort, or in any way helping us to accomplish the journey. We were disappointed ; but we have learned not to wonder at this apathy on the part of the Bhotiyas, for it would be out of reason to expect them to expose themselves needlessly to the penalty of receiving two or three hundred lashes at the hands of a heartless Tibetan. To act on the advice

received we knew was out of the question. In the first place, we should surely be guarded at night; and, if we could succeed in eluding our chowkidars, we could not hope to pass unscathed through the villages on the way on account of the Tibetan dogs, which are the terror of even the Tibetans and Bhotiyas themselves. These, though confined during the day, are rampant at night, for the express purpose of guarding the village and intercepting travellers.

As night closed in, the inhabitants of the house near which we had been detained, allowed us to pitch our tent within a walled enclosure, where we felt a little safer than out on the open plain. After dinner of dal (pulse) and flat cakes made of coarse flour and water, we lay down to rest; but there was no rest for us, surrounded as we were by donkeys and coolies, the latter of whom, through fear, kept as close around us as possible. The day following, Sunday, we travelled back two miles to Pâla; and the day after crossed the border. We thought it rather significant that at Pâla this time we only had one chowkidar to guard us at night. The Tibetans had at least learned that we were harmless. The village reached this time was *Tashikang*.

These repeated failures showed us the utter hopelessness of ever expecting to reach Taklakot as Europeans. We planned to go in with a company of girls, and, dressed exactly like them, we should attract no notice, and our *début* into Taklakot in this manner would be comparatively easy. Our persistence would perhaps in the end accomplish the object we sought. We often talked on the subject with one of our girl friends, who heartily entered into our plans, and promised us all the help in her power.

CHAPTER IV.

AUSPICIOUS EVENTS.

LAST year the way seemed closed; but this year we waited on the Lord, and trusted Him to open up the way for us to put this plan into practice.

The first requisites in the attainment of this object were our horses. We should not attempt to cross the pass without them. In anticipation of this trip we kept ours at home this summer. Up near the snows there are fine grazing grounds, where, for two or three months during the summer, horses and other animals not needed for use are allowed to roam at will. The grass is short, but very nourishing, and our animals return to us in splendid condition. We are thus saved the expense of a servant and the keep of the horses. A nominal sum is paid to some one for taking the oversight of them during the months they are loose on the grazing grounds.

Though we had kept our horses at home, still at one time it did not seem as if we should be able to get them up to Biyas; and, indeed, we could not have taken them beyond Gala, the first march from Chaudas, our summer home, if it had not been for the daring of one of our coolies. The roads up to Biyas and Darma are perhaps among the most difficult to keep in repair during the monsoons of any under the control of the British Government. In some places the road is constructed across precipices with nothing above but walls of solid rock, and rushing mountain torrents forty or fifty feet below. We have found yards of this road, built at such expense, and at so much risk to human life, carried away after a heavy rainfall by an avalanche of mud and stones. Before the rains it is comparatively easy to take our horses

up to Darma or Biyas ; but they can never be brought down again till after the rains, when the roads have been repaired. This year we were rather late in starting from Chaudas, and already the rains had worked havoc with the roads. At Gala we were told we could not take our horses any farther. We did not wish to run the risk of losing them, so they were left at Gala, and we made the journey on foot to Budi, the lowest village of Biyas, two marches from Gala. The road was certainly in a bad condition and in one place a part of it had entirely disappeared. We thought this could be bridged over with the trunks of trees ; and the other parts were not so bad but that the horses could, with care, be safely piloted across. The morning after our arrival at Budi, we despatched one servant and three coolies to Gala to bring up the horses, while we employed the waiting time in working in the village. The next night and the following day the rain fell with very few breaks ; but we were still able to continue our work in the village, taking shelter in the verandas of houses where we were surrounded by men, women and children, to whom we preached Christ and distributed medicines. We should have been much troubled in mind had we thought our people and horses were travelling in such inclement weather, but this probability never occurred to us. We rested in the belief that they were waiting at Gala for finer weather. The road was always dangerous, but much more so during a heavy rainfall ; and we were sure our men would not risk their own and the horses' lives by travelling at such a time. We left the matter of the Tibetan trip in the Lord's hands, acquiescing in His will whether it was to go, or to stay.

After dark, we were surprised to hear a call from the road above us : " Your horses have come ! " Shortly after men and horses appeared safe and well. At Gala, our

servant was warned not to attempt the journey. The Peshkar—the native official of Bhot, who had just come down from Biyas—said: “You’ll never get those horses up to Biyas.” Our men knew nothing about our proposed trip into Tibet, and if they had left the horses they knew they had nothing to fear from us; but as soon as the first break in the rain occurred, they left Gala, and kept on their way steadily all that day through the heavy down-pours which we thought had detained them. How troubled we should have been if we had known our men and animals were exposed on that awful road in the pouring rain!

The next auspicious event was our meeting with a man on whom we depended much for help in making our preparations. Leaving Budi we came to Garbiyang—the principal village of all Bhot; in fact, quite a town. Before entering it, we were surprised to see our friend, Panch Singh, advancing towards us. He belongs to Gwinzi, a village about four miles beyond Garbiyang. His primary reason for seeking us was to ask Miss S. for medicine for a married sister who was seriously ill. In Chaudas we had talked over the plan of entering Taklakot in disguise with him. He had not discouraged us; and now, when we discussed the situation with him, he was an interested adviser. Failing an escort of girls, we had depended on securing this man as a fellow-traveller. To prosecute the journey alone, with no sheltering wing at all, had not as yet been viewed by us as within the range of possibility. Panch Singh felt, though, that he could not run the risk of being seen with us; for even if he succeeded in escaping the eyes of the Tibetans, there were those, even among the Bhotiyas themselves, who would betray him. Panch Singh is a brave man, bearing on his face the scars obtained in an encounter with the Jykpas, but he was too wise to run unnecessary risk; and knowing his fears were not groundless, we used no pressure with him except to

assure him of ample compensation for his services, should he place them at our disposal. Two old men were waiting at Gwinzi for him to accompany them over the pass, so he said he must leave next day. He promised to send the old men ahead, and to delay himself till he should see us again in his own village. We should see our girl friend in Garbiyang that evening, and learn from her whether any girls were going up to Taklakot at that time, and ask her whether she could lend us two suits of clothes.

We sent our compliments to this girl, who soon appeared with her special friend and a supply of uncooked food in token of her hospitality. We found, as far as an escort went, there was no hope in her direction, for she was caring for a sick brother-in-law. All the girls who had planned to go to Taklakot had left, as it was late in the trading season. She promised to lend us two suits of clothes; and, saying she would bring them in the evening, she and her friend returned to the village. Though tired and sleepy, we waited some time that night for our friend; but she did not appear. Early next morning Miss S. set out for the village, both in quest of the clothes and to see the sick man. On the way she met the girl with a bundle on her back, and shortly after, I was rejoiced to see her face at the door. Forthwith I began to take lessons in the art of arraying myself as a Bhotiya girl. The garments are not many or complex, but the way in which they are held up and draped is a secret. The skirt I found to be most troublesome. It has no band, and is held up under a sheet tied round the waist,—altogether an uncertain way of fastening one's skirt, especially in the hands of a novice. The surplus ends of the sheet hang in front of the person (see picture of Bhotiya girl). The upper garment is a long, wide piece of woollen cloth, with an opening in the middle large enough only to allow of passing the head through. The ends of this are draped

around the figure. These garments are either maroon or dark blue, according to the rules in a village. The head-dress is made in the form of a bag sewn up at two sides. When travelling, or visiting in other villages, a sheet is used as a covering.

On entering Gwinzi village we were met by Panch Singh, who conducted us to the flat roof of a house, and insisted on our tarrying while his mother cooked some cakes in oil for us. We sat in the midst of a crowd of villagers and listened to an account of their ailments. When the food appeared they withdrew to a respectful distance, and we ate our *pooris* (cakes cooked in oil) in peace. Panch Singh accompanied us out of the village, and brought with him a blacksmith whom he hoped would conduct us to Taklakot. After much talking back and forth, we saw the man was unwilling even to walk to within sight of the trading-post with us. Not wishing anyone to be endangered on our account, we finally decided to act independently of the Bhotiyas. We have heard an offender in Tibet is sometimes deprived of a limb, or has two or three hundred lashes administered on the bare back, the victim becoming senseless after twenty or thirty stripes of the lash. The Tibetans would not dare to inflict the former mode of treatment on the Bhotiyas, being British subjects, but many have both seen and felt the application of the lash; and who will wonder if even a brave man hesitates in exposing himself to this cruel castigation!

Panch Singh promised to bring us all we needed in the way of clothes and food; and we walked to our camp, which was about a mile from the village.

The way was opening out before us, though it was clearly shown we must tread it alone, with no other human fellowship than that of a raw set of men, only one of whom had ever seen Taklakot. Everything necessary for the

journey was in sight; one want alone remained unsupplied. We had no money, and to enter a strange country where we might run short of food, or where we might have to fee someone for helping us, was not a pleasant anticipation. That afternoon in Gwinzi, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the post-man, with a small sum sufficient to carry us through. This was another favorable indication, showing us that the Lord Himself was preparing the way for us.

On the way to Gwinzi we had revealed our plans to our servants, telling them that, if it were God's will, we were hoping to enter Tibet. They showed great enthusiasm until they had had time to reflect on the possible consequences, when they began to display signs of fear. One of them had by night so worked himself up that he would neither eat nor exchange words with the others. We told our people that we should not compel any of them to accompany us. If they went it must be of their own free will.

Our party consisted of Miss Sheldon, M.D., and myself, two Christian men-servants and six coolies, one of whom was a Christian and the others Hindus. One of our servants cooks for us and the other looks after the horses. Our itinerating trips last from forty to sixty days, most of which time we employ only four coolies, procuring one or two more from the villages as we need them. Though we shall leave about half our luggage behind, still we need the usual number on our journey into Tibet; for to travel in high altitudes our loads must be lightened, and we must leave one man free to carry a load of wood to burn while in Tibet. No wood for fuel can be obtained within two or three days' marches of Tibet. The Tibetans use cattle manure. The Bhotiyas take over wood on horses, yaks, jhupus, and even in empty sheep bags. Those staying two or three months come over for fresh supplies when they run out.

A coolie's load weighs usually sixty pounds. Our luggage consists of our own small tent, which weighs about sixty pounds, a servants' tent weighing about ten pounds, two baskets containing food and cooking utensils, a roll of bedding, servants' bedding, and a small tin trunk. We do not take more provisions than will last to the first village, except tea and sugar, condensed milk, and some dried vegetables. From the time we begin to work in the villages we receive, in exchange for medicines, enough food for ourselves, our servants and, to a great extent, our coolies. We keep as much as we need for ourselves; the rest is given out on a loan system, benefiting both ourselves and the recipients. The quantities of stuff that would accumulate would necessitate our employing another coolie, and our profits then would be almost *nil*, for the value of the food would not much more than cover the hire of the coolie. The benefit to the servants and coolies is that they are saved from purchasing in Darma and Biyas, where prices are higher than in Chaudas. On our return home the servants repay the amount borrowed on the trip, and the coolies are cut according to prices in Chaudas, or are at liberty to receive their wages intact, and to bring us the rice and ata consumed, from their own fields. They generally prefer the latter alternative.

Panch Singh furnished us with the necessary provisions — rice, ata (coarse flour), gur (sorghum) and *satu* (parched wheat meal). He brought also a *bakhu* (long woollen coat worn by men) for the servant who should accompany us, but said we must send to the village in the evening for the rest of the clothes. He had left injunctions for his sister to supply them. We sent a man in the evening, but the girl was not home from the fields, so the things did not come. We still lacked boots and two small baskets to carry on our backs to look like the real thing. Bhotiya girls and women, when travelling, always carry a

doka (basket) on their back. The baskets which the richer ones carry are often not much bigger than a gentleman's hat, and are, with their fanciful strings hanging from the strap which goes across the forehead, more for show than for use. For ourselves, we felt we much preferred the diminutive kind; but we were willing to take what we could get. Our friends told us the boots were hard to procure; we could be sure of only one pair, belonging to Panch Singh's sister. A little after daylight next morning our man again started off to the village; but, to make sure, we decided that one of us should go, too. Accordingly Miss S., after partaking of *chhoti hazri* (early morning meal), went to the village, while I attended to the loads. I prayed that, if it were the Father's will, these last things, without which our disguise would not be complete, might be forthcoming. Miss S. appeared at last, bringing all we needed; and more than ever did we think that God Himself was removing all obstacles. Panch Singh's sister was very obliging and took in the whole situation, telling Miss S. we must not walk like ladies, but must trip along like Bhotiya girls, suiting the action to the word. She even gave our man some jewelry which we deposited in our trunk, to be left in a Gwinzi lohar's house. Our care would be to keep our faces completely concealed, so the jewelry would be of no use.

The morning looked very rainy, and we wondered if our Father would have us go on or not that day. After breakfast and our arrangements were completed, the sky cleared and we had a pleasant journey to Kala Pani. Some young girl acquaintances waved their sheets till we were out of sight. This is a common practice in Bhot when friends and relations are leaving home. This send-off frequently lasts some hours when the performers are the girls of a village and their admiring beaux. At such times the waving is accompanied with a loud whistle

made by the aid of two fingers and the tongue. The girls are adepts at this mode of whistling as well as the boys.

Contrary to the custom in India, there is free intercourse between the sexes in Bhot. The purda system has its evils, but we are often led to wish it obtained in a limited degree in this country. Young people are perfectly free, and, as far as intercourse with the opposite sex goes, parents have no control over their daughters and no voice in marriage arrangements. If a young man has serious intentions towards a young woman, the parents of either party must on no account be informed. Each village has two or three *Ramang* houses, *i. e.*, clubs belonging to the girls of the village, where they spend their nights together, instead of sleeping in their own homes. To these houses resort the young, or even married, men, generally of other villages. The night is spent in spinning, singing, drinking and laughing and joking till overcome by sleep. The evils of this custom are beyond estimation, and one will readily believe there is very little virtue in Bhot.

The young men generally choose their future partners in life at the *Ramang*. The girl may or may not be willing. In any case, the young man with several companions sets out to the village of the one he has chosen, and carries off his bride from the *Ramang* house. If the girl is willing, she accompanies the party without any trouble; but if she is unwilling, she hides, and the bridegroom and his friends have to seek the help of the other girls who are usually quite ready to betray her into their hands. In such cases the bride is often carried off weeping and wailing on the back of one of the young men. We know of one young woman who had three different parties searching for her on the same night. The roads to and from the village were guarded, and the party that

finally succeeded in capturing her, carried her off in the dark, over an apparently inaccessible mountain behind the village.

If, when the villagers are apprised of the event that has taken place, they are agreeable to the match, several maidens — friends of the girl — follow up the wedding party, attired in their best, and adorned in all their jewelry; and the festivities are confined to these two sets of young people. They spend the next ten or fifteen days together, while the girls of the bridegroom's village pursue their ordinary avocations in a most unconcerned way. The marriage party must be entertained in every house in the village, and the girls stay till all the provisions and liquor in the bridegroom's house are consumed. They generally break away by twos and threes when they can succeed in evading the boys. After a time the bride and bridegroom bring a present of money, liquor and sheep to the bride's parents. If the parents and relations are not pleased with the match, the girls of the village do not follow the bride, and her husband's present is not accepted. In very rare cases the parents succeed in recovering their daughter; otherwise, in time, a reconciliation is effected on all sides.

To resume. At Kala Pani we made one of our men mend the boots which were for Miss S. Mine had been easily obtained; but Miss S. had to search some time before she found a pair for herself. The women she asked were not willing to lend theirs. These boots are made in Tibet, and are very expensive; for this reason we found it more difficult to secure them than any of the other things. At last Miss S. went to the lohars. One of them said, "I have an old pair, but they're not of much use." When Miss S. saw them she said: "Those are the very things!" They seemed to be her size, and would do beautifully with a little mending, she thought. The up-

per part is made of cloth, so our man patched them up and made them wearable.

Our coolies are from the hill villages in the vicinity of Bhot. We purpose once a day to have prayers in Hindustani at which we expect the servants and coolies to be present. In this way our heathen coolies learn much gospel truth. One of our servants sometimes leads at prayers and at the Sunday evening service, using the hill dialect which the coolies understand better than our Hindustani. In our evening prayers at Kala Pani, we read the commission Christ gave to His disciples before His ascension: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Many of us had had disquieting thoughts when we reflected on what was possibly before us, and a very solemn feeling pervaded our little assembly that evening. The Lord seemed to draw near to us, and even the coolies entered into the spirit of our devotions.

No uncanny dreams disturbed our rest that night, and we slept soundly till morning. We thought perhaps it was the last comfortable night we should spend, though there are some who would not think that adjective applicable to a bed on the ground. For some nights we should have to lie down as we were. Our sheets would have to be used as coverings and girdles to hold up our Bhotiya skirts. Their whiteness was a source of anxiety to us, though our friends on the plains and across the seas would think them far from white. The sheets the Bhotiya girls use as coverings are of unbleached sheeting, which of course is never bleached by the wearers. Our sheets were bleached once upon a time (not in Bhot); and though

some months have elapsed since a *dhobi* (washerman) handled our washing, our sheets do not look as yellow as we would like.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE WAY TO TAKLAKOT.

(From a diary written at the time.)

DHUNGANG, *July 31, 1902.*—We left a few more things at Kala Pani. We felt it would be necessary to part with everything that had a foreign look, and that our loads must look as much as possible like Bhotiya loads if they, as well as ourselves, were to escape the vigilant eyes of the Tibetans. There is no village at Kala Pani, but Garbiyang people own some fields there which are worked and guarded by a few poor dependents. With one of these we left our own tent and one provision basket. Our coolies cut us a supply of wood, as, before we arrive at Dhungang, we leave trees behind us. Here we are burning a kind of evergreen shrub which burns green, being of the pine species. Our wood we are saving for Tibet.

There are two dharmshalas here in which our servants and coolies are staying. We are staying in our servants' tent. It does not quite reach to the ground so we have sheets pinned around to keep out the cold breeze. This place knows no summer, being over 14,000 feet high, and right at the foot of the snows.

On the way up we purchased a small goat which one of our coolies cut up after we arrived here, and all were made glad with a meat breakfast. No cooking to-morrow till we arrive somewhere — we pray God that may be Taklakot — so we are having food cooked to take on with us.

While breakfast was being prepared, we caught sight of Tibetans, a man and a woman, coming up the hill, so Miss S. and I concealed ourselves in a room in the dharmasala ; but emerged when we found they had also settled down here. We were glad to find there was nothing formidable about the man. He has a very good-natured face and seems well-disposed towards us. He knows no Hindustani ; so in the little Tibetan at our command we were able to discover that he is a Tibetan from Lhasa, is going up to-morrow, and has been working with a Bhotiya in Biyas. Miss S. asked him if he would eat meat. He smiled and nodded his head in assent. Tibetans are exceedingly carnivorous and will eat meat in all stages of decomposition, A fresh piece of meat was too delicate a morsel to be refused by a Tibetan ! He carried it away, returning after awhile to our tent when we gave him a Gospel in Tibetan in which he became quite absorbed, and was much pleased when Miss S. said he could keep it.

August 1.—Still at Dhungang. It is a bright, beautiful day, and we were sorry we could not go on ; but this is also of the Lord. Our Tibetan friends have not gone on either. The man came to our tent this morning, and in our broken Tibetan we asked him to teach us how to read, *not* expecting he would seriously consider our request. He went after the woman, who speaks Bhotiya, to act as interpreter for him. Through her we entered into an agreement with him to teach us and also to serve us in other ways at 10 Rs. per month. We cannot but marvel that, after trying in vain to find a teacher all these years, we should meet with one in this out-of-the-way place. Tibetans are about as chary in teaching Europeans their language as they are in giving them access to their country. The reason of this is obvious. A Tibetan who had taught foreigners his language would be precluded

from ever again visiting his native land, or he would do so at the risk of losing his life or his limbs. This obliging individual says he has no father or mother or any other close ties to draw him towards Tibet. He is a big, strapping fellow, between thirty and forty years of age probably. Our coolies, who are strong hill men, seem small and weak before this man. He helped to pitch our tent yesterday and drove the pegs into the hard ground so easily compared with the other men. In the evening he brought us some wood for our fire and did not wait for our thanks. We thanked our Heavenly Father for encouraging us to look for kind hearts even among these people. We feel our contemplated Tibetan trip has already proved fruitful enough to repay us for attempting it.

There are a number of Bhotiyas with their flocks of sheep encamped here to-day. We were able to speak to an audience of men at the door of our tent. We were glad to get acquainted with them, for they were from a village across the Kâli River in Nepaul that we have never visited. They urged us to come to their village. It would mean miles of steep climbing from the river to their village, and again from the river up to our house in Chaudas. Over the river, too, there is not always a bridge, only ropes stretched across. Over this rope a man works his way with his hands and feet something like a monkey. A rope passed under the neck is attached to a curved piece of wood which slides along the rope. We have never witnessed the process of crossing a river in this style; but we have often felt a creepy sensation when we have imagined a man hanging from a rope by his hands and feet, about fifty feet over a mighty rushing torrent; into which, if a man falls, there is no possibility of saving him. Women are drawn over in a basket, I believe; but very few are stout-hearted enough to try the

experiment. They said the *Bangba* (Chaudas) people were very fortunate to have us living among them.

There are also some Chaudas Bhotiyas here, who, with the others, made the front of our tent a kind of rendezvous. We have coolies for whom we had to furnish employment, hence we have not suffered from lack of wood. The Bhotiyas will not burn their Tibetan supply of wood, and are too lazy to get more than is absolutely necessary for cooking their meals and warming themselves at night; and seem to appreciate the privilege of enjoying a fire gratis. Our Chaudas men asked about our disguise and we showed them our baskets, etc. They think we will be able to get through, and we ourselves have seen that Bhotiya girls often travel in Tibet with their (*chuktis*) head-dress drawn over their face; so we do not think we shall excite any suspicion by keeping our faces out of sight.

August 2, 1902.—We awoke long before daybreak. It was drizzling but cleared at dawn, so we began our preparations to leave. We started in our own clothes. All our Bhotiya friends left at the same time. We noticed some cast furtive glances at our apparel. We had a trying march up to the pass, travelling part of the way in a heavy snow storm. My pony is small and did not seem to enjoy carrying me; but I would not walk on account of the strain. The Bhotiyas with their sheep did not expect to reach Taklakot; but two or three who could be spared were going ahead. We proposed having one of our servants join them and they were quite agreeable. He effected a change of turbans with one of the Bhotiyas coming on behind, because, in using blueing a few days before, both our servants had succeeded in dyeing their turbans a decided blue; and, though they had been washed again, they still retained their objectionable hue. Bhotiyas never wear blue turbans, so with a borrowed

turban, and a pack on his back, our servant started off with the other men.

We were thankful when the top was reached. Our ponies were sent back with a coolie, and we started to walk down the mountain which for a short distance is covered with snow that never melts. Behind a rock that concealed us from the gaze of passers-by, we changed our clothes. We freely used safety pins — that convenience of European civilization — to secure our bandless skirts to our inner garments; for we did not propose adding to our other anxieties that of insecurely fastened garments. We emerged as Bhotiya girls, much to the amusement of our fellow travellers, especially of the small boys of the party. They said we should pass if we did not show our faces.

We travelled with the sheep as far as Pala, the place where chowkidars are stationed. We felt perfectly care-free while walking in this company; but, when they had completed their march, and we had to proceed alone, we did indeed feel melancholy.

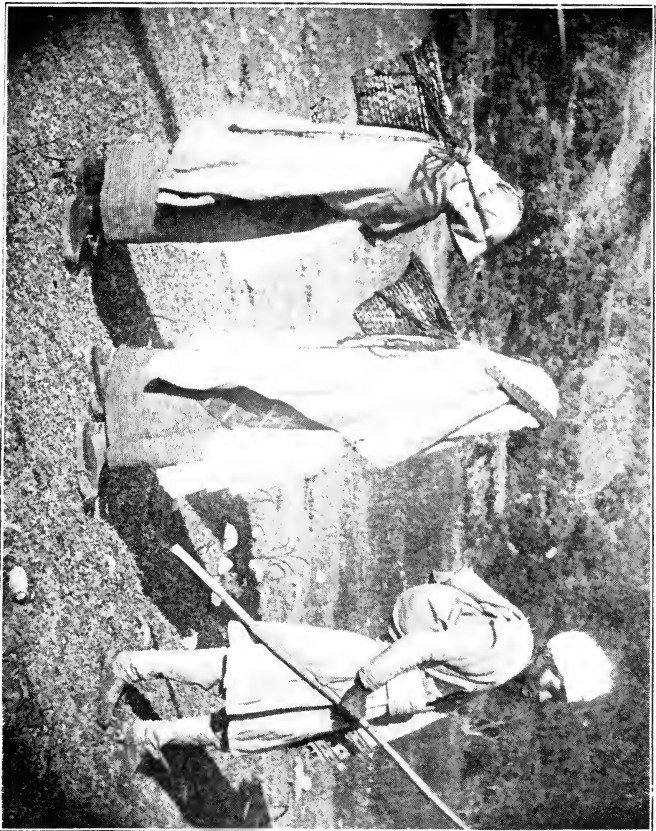
Miss S.'s boots after all were not satisfactory. It was not long before her heels began to protrude and we were in a dilemma. Bhotiya girls never wear anything but Tibetan boots or else go barefoot. Miss S. could not do the latter, so the boots must in some way be kept on. More than once Gangwa and I mended them to the best of our ability, and Miss S. succeeded in keeping them on, but with much inconvenience. This, added to the feeling of sea-sickness with which she is always afflicted in these high altitudes, to say nothing of the anxiety to escape being discovered, made the journey a most trying and unpleasant one.

After we had parted with our Bhotiya friends, we walked on in single file, Gangwa, our servant, stalking on ahead in his *bakkhu*, a bamboo in his hand belonging to our little

tent, and a pack on his back. We kept our faces hidden, and had passed the dharmsala and chowkidars at Pala almost before we knew it. Gangwa says a Bhotiya at the dharmsala motioned to him to go on, the chowkidars were eating. A little beyond the dharmsala, we saw a tent a short distance off the road, and a Tibetan and a Bhotiya standing outside. To our dismay, we saw them walking towards the road! Miss S. said, "We're seen!" But, with trembling limbs, we kept on in our steady pace. The Tibetan, we believe, asked Gangwa for some matches. When we came up he made a loud exclamation, with the purpose of making us reveal our faces. We heeded him not, but, stepping as naturally as possible, we had soon passed on. I being last, because my boots presented a more respectable appearance from the back than Miss S.'s, felt the man was following; but, looking back after a few seconds, was glad to find the road clear.

When we were quite out of sight, we stopped to rest and to recover our equilibrium, also to partake of some food. This last we did from a sense of duty. Our refreshments—cold cutlets, chipaties and satu—were not of the most appetizing kind, and this, with the disinclination to eat which is always felt in this rarefied atmosphere, brought to mind the old adage, that "We eat to live, and not live to eat." We met many streams which we had to walk through in our Tibetan boots. Bhotiyas and Tibetans are more careful of their boots, and take them off when they have to wade through streams; but we could not show our feet, so we walked through with them on, much to the injury of the boots, for which the owners must be remunerated.

Just past the first village, *Tashikang*, where we were stopped when we last entered Tibet, and beyond which we had never travelled, we came upon three women. We tried to conceal our countenances completely, and at the



MISS BROWNE.

MISS SHELDON.

GANGWA.

same time to keep track of Gangwa's feet, so as not to lose ourselves. The women paused and asked who we were. We kept mum and did not slacken our pace, and soon this danger was also passed. The women indulged in a loud laugh, whether because of our unsocial manner, or because of our unceremonious way of walking through the stream of water near which we encountered them, we know not. We considered this a more narrow escape than the last, for we had almost to brush past the women ; and if the man who first accosted us had had scruples about uncovering our face, what could prevent women from doing so? No doubt our tall servant with his bamboo had an intimidating effect on the would-be curious, and without him we should probably not have escaped so easily. We passed others who sometimes called to us, but not at such close quarters.

The tension of walking in this height and of meeting people was great, but the Lord sustained us. We thanked Him that in His wisdom He had detained us a day at Dhungang to rest. In this way we became somewhat acclimated, and were able to accomplish more than we could if we had come straight through. Our coolies caused us some uneasiness on the way. We tried to impress on them that they should keep out of our sight, and that the five of them should not walk in a body. However, they showed a strong predilection to walk in our company, and we knew that three Bhotiyas, with a following of five coolies, would arouse much questioning among the Tibetans. Bhotiyas do not have much use for coolies, for they carry their possessions on their own backs or on their animals. We finally succeeded in separating ourselves from our coolies, and advised them again to come on in two companies. We also endeavored to make them understand that they must tell no lies : but, if questioned about our loads, were to say they belonged to Chaudasiyas

(people living in Chaudas). In spite of this, when one was asked whose load he was carrying, he promptly replied: "Ait Rani Budial's!" (a very wealthy man of Budi village). This he told us in an innocent way, apparently expecting to be commended for his ingenuity!

The last village on our way is a very large one and the road passes through a part of it. Just at about the last house we came upon a group of women. We were not expecting anyone, and I was a little off my guard and caught the eye of one woman. She did not recognize me as a foreigner; and, though they called to us, they took no further notice. After emerging from this village, Mugram, we descended to the river which flows by the foot of the eminence on which is situated Taklakot. We followed this river for some distance. Above us rose Taklakot—a long ridge on the summit of which is built the residence of the Raja and other officials. A little below, in the side of the hill, are cave dwellings. The entrances of these are simply holes big enough to admit a human being in a creeping posture, and remind one of the burrowings of mice in the walls of our houses. About half-way down were all the Bhotiya tents on a large plain. Right down near the river were hundreds of sheep with their Tibetan owners.

Before reaching the bridge over the river, we saw two Tibetan women about to cross from the opposite side. We sat down, but in a minute or two our servant, in a peremptory voice, called us to come on. We had told him on the way, when he was anxious to render us assistance in crossing through streams of water, that he must not show too much solicitude on our behalf, but must leave us to help ourselves. He now addressed us in the singular imperative, without using the polite inflection, which did not fail to strike us in spite of our situation. Indian servants are always very polite towards their employers,

and our two servants are exceedingly deferential in their behavior and their speech. Of course, if he had addressed us in a polite manner, he would have attracted the attention of the women, who had seated themselves after crossing the bridge and seemed to be waiting for us to come up with them. The dread of our being discovered must have filled our servant with apprehension, and what wonder if he were agitated as we approached the crisis.

Miss S. arose and followed after Gangwa, but I delayed about a minute, thereby involving myself in many perplexities. Just as I was starting off, my *doka* (basket) fell off. I had to expose my face and hands in replacing it, even at the risk of being seen by the Tibetans on the other side of the river, or by the women, who were probably coming towards me by this time. Gangwa, in looking back, saw my face; but the *Dokpas* were, no doubt, too busy with their sheep to notice the proceedings of a party of Bhotiyas! I had no sooner succeeded in placing the leather strap, securing my *doka*, across my forehead, than I found I had dropped my sheet. In trying to draw the sheet under the *doka* over my back, off again went the *doka*. I thought: "Oh, for a helping hand!" But that was not the time to indulge in vain regrets, so again I adjusted my *doka*, and managed, with more care, to draw my sheet up under it; and at last I was ready to follow my companions. I wondered why the women and a man on horseback, who had come over the bridge after them, had not passed me. In looking towards the bridge, I found they had gone in the opposite direction, and I breathed a thanksgiving for my deliverance.

Miss S. was under the impression that I was following; but, when she looked back, was distressed to find I was so far behind. Gangwa advised her not to stop, for all around were *Dokpas*, who might accost them at any moment. A high breeze was blowing, and I found it

would be impossible to retain possession of my doka by means only of the strap over my forehead. Feeling the bottom of the doka with my hand under the *bau ka* (sheet), I discovered a ridge, by grasping which I could secure the doka. The bridge was crossed without any more scenes, and I bent my steps in the direction of Miss S. and Gangwa. None of us had ever been in this locality before, and all we could do was to keep to the path which seemed to lead most directly to our goal — Bile Sain, the Bhotiya encampment. There was a wide stream in the way which I walked through most recklessly. I tried as well as possible, in my closely-veiled condition, to keep the two ahead of me in sight, and soon saw them beginning the climb up to Bile Sain. By the time I began it I had lost sight of my fellow-travellers, and soon wandered off on a wrong path which would have led me right into some Tibetan habitations. The little aperture through which I was looking enabled me to distinguish two pairs of limbs, the owners of which were seated on a rock by the side of the road. A voice said in Tibetan, “*Lâm midu*,” this is not the road. For a moment I felt puzzled, not daring to ask the way, or to open my face to find it for myself. Then I thought the wisest thing I could do was to go back the way I had come. For a moment I could not see any path at all. Looking up, I observed Tibetan men and women gazing curiously at me, so I hastened my retreat out of that locality. I was soon glad to find myself in a path leading down hill. I kept in this till I came to one leading up hill, and I followed in the wake of some mules that seemed to be on their way to Bile Sain, or the residence of the Raja above. I was homesick for the sight of a familiar face. The thought that, if Miss S. had arrived among the Bhotiyas, all was well for me, too, afforded me much comfort.

CHAPTER VI.

TAKLAKOT.

WHEN Miss S. arrived at the top, she saw a Bhotiya, and, showing him her face, told him I was coming on behind; so he was on the look-out for me. As soon as I emerged on the plain, I was much relieved to see our own Bhotiyas everywhere. No dearth of familiar faces now! Some one called out: "*Bibi shyamang*" (shyamang, women; bibi, term of respect), the name applied to us in Bhot. I saw a group of young men seated in front of a tent, and uncovered my face. How amused they looked! Among so many acquaintances I felt quite at home. I asked: "*Tata ulo in?*" (where is the big sister). I followed, unconcealed, in the direction they indicated, returning the smiles on the friendly faces. Again I had to ask the way, and was pointed to an opening in a wall, into which I entered, and found Miss S. and Gangwa. We were in a little haven of four walls without a roof. The men told us that only a day or two before two or three of them had built these walls for Deb Singh, a very wealthy Bhotiya, over the top of which he was going to stretch a tent.

I said: "You finished it just in time for us."

"Yes," they said, "you are the first to stay in it."

The boys and men crowded into the enclosure and around the walls. Much merriment was excited as the story of the way in which we had effected an entrance was related to new comers. The young men procured Deb Singh's new tent and stretched it overhead, and tried in many ways to make us comfortable.

We said to one of the influential men: "Send word to the Raja that we have come."

He said: "If you wish to go on (meaning to the places of pilgrimage), you'll have to keep hidden."

We replied that we had no intentions of going any farther, and we did not wish to hide ourselves. As it was we were making no efforts at concealment, and any one was at liberty to look at us over the walls. Presently the exclamation, "Faringi!" (foreigner) was heard, and we knew Tibetans had seen us; for Bhotiyas never apply this objectionable name to us. To me it savors of tales of the Indian Mutiny, and I am sorry the word should have found its way into Tibet.

The Bhotiyas said they felt as if their own people had arrived; and we answered that we, too, felt we had come home.

Our coolies, with all our loads intact, were next a welcome sight. Our servant who had come on ahead, and remained in the seclusion of a Bhotiya tent, also appeared, and starting a fire set the tea kettle on to boil. Our own little tent was pitched in the enclosure, our bedding unrolled and a resting place prepared for us. In all these operations the Bhotiyas were most active. We wondered a little at their undisguised pleasure at seeing us, and the pains they were taking to make us comfortable. They seemed to forget we were on Tibetan and not British soil, and that they might be compromising themselves in thus befriending the foreigners. If they had kept at a distance, and concealed their good will they entertained towards us, we should not have been surprised.

After tea we screened the opening of our tent and lay down for a rest. As soon as people heard Miss S. was an "*amji*" (doctor), one after another came for medicine and there was no repose for us. Among the more distinguished patients was a nice-looking Tibetan woman, wearing a tiara studded with stones. She held out her

hand for Miss S. to feel her pulse and to diagnose her case. This they do with their own doctors who profess to be able to tell a patient, by the feel of the pulse, what malady he or she is suffering from, in whatever part of the body. As Miss S. makes no such pretensions, she tries to elicit from her patient a statement of her ailments, which some think quite unnecessary, while others are voluble enough. This pleasant-faced woman sat at our tent for some time, and on leaving, smiled on us, and said she would come again to-morrow. She had asked for a book, and being given a gospel she carried it away in triumph in the folds of her robe.

Then came the ex-*Jyongpan's* (Raja's) son, a well-to-do, refined-looking young man. He had trouble with his tooth. Miss S. showed him her forceps and motioned that she would pull it out. But he shook his head and looked as if he would rather not be operated on; so she gave him something to relieve the pain. Others came, Tibetans and Bhotiyas, and we were pleased at the willingness of the former to patronize us. If only the officials would consent to our visiting among them, we knew the people would gladly receive us.

CHAPTER VII.

CONFERENCE WITH TIBETAN OFFICIALS.

THE Bhotiyas brought us word that an official was expected, and it would be well for us to change into our own clothes, for, seeing us in disguise, they would not believe but that we intended making our way further up the country. When he arrived, Deb Singh, the repre-

sentative Bhotiya, sat at our tent door and the Tibetans and Bhotiyas stood outside the wall facing us. The official looked unpleasant, and addressed us sharply through Deb Singh, but we knew it was his business to put on a forbidding mien, and were in no wise disconcerted.

Deb Singh explained on our behalf that, as far as paid services go, we are not connected with the British Government; we receive no salaries from any source; but that we belong to Bangba and would have the Tibetans consider us, not foreigners, but Bangba (Chaudasi) women. We cultivate land in Bangba and trade in medicines.

The official replied that whether these things were so or not, we could not be allowed to stay in the country because of the strict orders from higher up (Lhasa). He said: "I am the *Gaga*; over me is the *Nerwa*; over him is the *Jempen*; we are the Rajas of this place; this is our country; why did you come in without our permission?"

We answered that we knew they were the Rajas; and for this reason as soon as we arrived we sent them information. This somewhat mollified him.

He next asked if there had not been watchmen at Pala: how was it that they had not intercepted us? We said we had been dressed in the *chung bala* (Bhotiya dress) and that we passed the dharmasala without being noticed by the chowkidas. They were not at all to blame in the matter. When he demanded the name of the person who had conducted us into the country, we were glad to be able to say, with a clear conscience, that we had come in by ourselves; and no blame could be attached to anyone else. The Bhotiyas had previously asked us not to divulge the name of the person who had lent us our clothes; but, fortunately, we were saved the ordeal of refusing to answer our inquisitor in any one particular, for this was not among his list of questions.

He enquired to whom the walls belonged within which our tent was pitched. Deb Singh said they were his. He asked Deb Singh in an authoritative way why he had allowed us to occupy his enclosure. Deb Singh said we had walked right into it without asking anyone's permission. If he had known of the willing hands and feet that had vied with each other in trying to make us comfortable, he might have made many more interrogations and with greater results.

Between us and the party outside the wall our servant Goriya was seated cooking our evening meal, and Gangwa was an interested spectator. The officer asked: "Who are these?"

We said they were our servants who cook for us. Fortunately for us, our coolies were not in sight. Once the whole five of them in a body had stationed themselves outside our tent, but were instantly dispersed by us, with the warning that they must come to our tent as little as possible; for the Tibetans are quick at taking alarm, and the fewer we were, the easier it would be to allay their fears.

We were relieved to have so little notice taken of our servants, for it was for them we had feared. The Tibetan left, telling us we should not be allowed to stay, but must leave the next day.

We again tried to rest, but were continually disturbed by Tibetans or Bhotiyas, who wanted medicine, or were just curious to see us, and could not appreciate the fact that we were weary and needed rest.

Some time had elapsed when Deb Singh again called, saying another official, higher than the first, had come to interview us, and that we should show ourselves outside; there was nothing to fear. So little do these people understand our desire for privacy, that they were under the impression that we were fearful, hence had screened

ourselves. We assured Deb Singh that we felt no fear, but had simply retired behind a curtain to obtain a little rest.

We walked, or rather limped, out, for our feet were cut and blistered after walking so many miles in Bhotiya boots, hard enough to wear at all times, but which hurt so much more because of all the wettings ours had received. We found a large concourse of people, who made way for us to proceed to the midst of the assembly, where Deb Singh and Nathu Patial, the representative Bhotiyas, were seated facing the Tibetan official.

This man salamed us, and was much more amiable than the former one, even allowing himself to smile once. Many of the same questions were asked as before. He said we could not be allowed to stay. We said we had no intentions of using force; we were only two weak women — “*dabbas*,” as they call women devotees in Tibet. The officer wished us to name someone who would stand security that we should leave next day. “All these men,” we answered, waving towards the Bhotiyas, “know us, and can vouch for our keeping our word.” He insisted on our naming one man, so we chose Nathu Patial, and he was satisfied. We protested that we were footsore, and the next day was Sunday, on which day we do not travel. The official said he could do nothing; but he would use his influence with the Raja to induce him to allow us to stay the next day. Saying this, he departed. We were thankful for even these gracious words from a Tibetan official, and have kindly recollections of this man.

Deb Singh and others came to our tent to ask us if there was anything we were in need of in the shape of coverings and food. Our friend, Panch Singh, brought us a present of fresh meat, gur, etc.

While eating dinner and talking over the details of the two interviews with our two servants, we saw in the dusk

the unkempt head of a Tibetan watching us over the wall ; and we knew he was not there by accident. As we had anticipated, two men were deputed to guard us at night. The Bhotiyas seemed quite chagrined, and one after another came to inform us that watchmen had been stationed around the wall, but it meant nothing ; we need not entertain the least shadow of anxiety, for we were perfectly safe. We told them we were not at all concerned about the chowkidars. A padhan (head-man) of one of the Chaudas villages, and another man, sat at our tent for a friendly chat, and again said they felt as if we were their own people, and we echoed the sentiment.

We were not very successful in our efforts to sleep that night. The Bhotiyas were not very noisy, and the chowkidars talked, but in very subdued tones. But the dogs were very troublesome, barking vociferously and prowling around our tent in the hope of finding some food.

Without any solicitations on our part, the Bhotiyas kindly accommodated our servants and coolies, who otherwise would have had to spend the night out in the cold, as there are no dharmsalas at Taklakot, and we had their tent.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY IN TIBET.

It was hardly light next morning when we heard Tibetans calling for Deb Singh, and we knew their desiring to see him must have something to do with us. They wished us to make an expeditious departure, or they would not trouble about us so early in the morning. Deb Singh came out, and, seeing the screen up at our door, asked

the Tibetans to wait until we were up. Shortly after we looked out, and he said the Tibetans were anxious we should leave as soon as possible. The chowkidars had apparently been summoned from Pala during the night and severely reprimanded. They were the ones to disturb the slumbers of the community and to urge our leaving the place. If we insisted on remaining, the Raja would vent his anger on them, and would also make it hard for the Bhotiyas. They said if we would only come across the river to the large village Mugram, opposite Taklakot, they would give us milk and wood and supply us with horses and with everything necessary to our comfort. We knew all these lavish promises were only a ruse to get us safely out of Taklakot, for we had never been impressed with the generosity of the Tibetans enough to expect these things to materialize; indeed, we would have been surprised if they had.

We promised we should not impose our unwelcome society on them much longer. When our servant kindled a fire and set the tea-kettle on, the men who were hurrying us off showed evident signs of distress. We told them emphatically we could not leave before partaking of some bread and tea. We ourselves were in no particular hurry, and, while waiting for our early morning repast, sauntered out of the enclosure to view our surroundings. Some women with dokas on their backs stood near us for a few minutes, and we tried to talk with them.

By moonlight the night before, the view of the snow-capped mountains towering all around us, the broad valleys, with the river flowing below Taklakot, was enchanting and now in the early morning we were no less charmed with the magnificent scene. We were standing on a plain half way up the high ridge on which Taklakot is situated. The plain was covered with the tents of the Bhotiyas arranged in sections, representing severally the

villages of Chaudas and Biyas Bhot. A path from the camp led up to the residences of the Raja and the other Tibetan officials. The Raja's palace is an unpretentious, red-colored building. There is nothing prepossessing from the outside, and it differs from all the other buildings only in the color of its walls; but I believe inside there are many things of beauty and interest. On every side were lofty mountains covered with everlasting snow, the softly-rounded lower slopes of which presented shades of brown, red, green and purple. The undulating valley seemed to be covered with a velvet carpet of green, scattered villages were set in a background of green fields of peas and *ooa* (a kind of wheat). Below us was the river spanned by the bridge we had crossed the day before. Some years ago a bridge was cut down before a certain English General, who essayed to cross it with a company of Goorkha soldiers. The General, nothing daunted, rode through the river on a mule, while his soldiers swam across. Fighting their way past Taklakot, he and his men proceeded on a shooting expedition to Lake Mansarowar. A few years later a young Lieutenant, endeavoring to follow in the steps of the intrepid General, fell into the hands of the Tibetans, and, after experiencing some hard usage, was kindly treated by the Bhotiyas, who brought him into their camp and tended him in a brotherly way. Mr. Landor, too, was brought into Taklakot after having been exposed for some days to ill-treatment at the hands of the Tibetans.

One or two days' marches from us were the famous places of pilgrimage, — Lake Mansarowar, and the mountains of Kailas and Khujar Nath.

How transparently pure and unsullied was the air we breathed! Particular virtue is attached to the atmosphere of Tibet. Our people say there is very little sickness here, and never any epidemics. Sores are seldom

seen, for wounds and bruises do not often fester. The Hindu Shastras, too, promise immunity from all sin to those who remain in religious contemplation among these sublime heights. Surely the Tibetans, with their superior advantages, should be a pure and holy people! But a more sensual, unprincipled and habitually unclean nation it would be hard to find.

After partaking of tea and a piece of cake fried, and arranging our loads, we seated ourselves on the latter, and, facing the company of Tibetans and Bhotiyas, we held a service on the Sabbath, in this benighted and closed land. Beginning by singing a *bhajan* (Christian words set to Hindustani music), we afterwards read the Ten Commandments in Tibetan. The men seemed to understand and repeated the words to one another. We also told them that all men are sinners; but that the Son of God had died for our sins and risen again. Then we bowed and prayed for the people around us and for the country we had been permitted to enter. There was silence while we prayed, and we rose with thankful hearts that we had been enabled, even in this feeble way, to witness to the Son of God.

Walking out of the encampment, and past Tibetan houses on our way down to the river, we told the Tibetans whom we met that we were not their enemies, but their friends. The two chowkidars, who had been remiss in their duty in allowing us into the country, were our escort.

Miss S. had had difficulty in accomplishing the journey the day before, but that day I was the one to lag. None but those who have travelled at such high altitudes, as from 14,000 feet and over, know what a task it is to walk even the most gradual ascent when the body is tired. It took a long while after crossing the bridge to travel over the stony bank and ascend to the Mugram village. We

were met on the way by a man with a goblet, and our travelling companions said they must stop to eat; so the three squatted on the ground around the goblet which doubtless contained liquor. We kept on our way, climbing up to the village, at the entrance of which we seated ourselves to rest, and soon had a company of Tibetan women with us, also a well known Bhotiya woman who greeted us warmly. She had come over from Bile Sain to beg some grass for her jhupus. I have mentioned seeing only Bhotiya men at Bile Sain, but we also saw many Bhotiya women. All who can be spared from field work in Biyas and Chaudas, and who are not cumbered with a family of little children, come over with the men folk in their newest attire and laden in jewelry. Leaving their valuables in safe keeping at Taklakot, the girls start off in large companies, to the sacred places. Very few spend the whole trading season in Tibet. Their holiday generally lasts about a month, after which they return home. The women of Darma Bhot and Johar Bhot do not accompany the men over the border into Tibet. When asked why they do not, they say from the time of their ancestors it has never been the custom for their women to go into Tibet. The real hindrance, without doubt, is the difficulty of crossing the passes in those parts. In Biyas and Chaudas it is the great holiday of the year, and if our women were deprived of this season of relaxation, they would think they were losing one of the greatest privileges of their life.

While talking with our Bhotiya friend, the Tibetan woman, whom we had met at Dhungang with our prospective teacher, came out of the village and greeted us warmly. The other Tibetan women seemed surprised, and asked questions. We learned that the Lhasa man had gone over to Taklakot the day before.

Our escort, appearing above the bank, hurried us on,

though we had been given to understand in Taklakot that we were to breakfast at Mugram, and we thought it would give us a welcome opportunity for meeting the inhabitants of this large village. But our conductors did not contemplate affording us facilities for meeting the people of the country. The villagers came out of their houses to look at us, but no discourtesy was offered by any except a boy, who was rather curt in his remarks. As he was a boy, we forgave him and took very little notice.

On approaching Tashikang, we saw the guides had halted with our coolies on a sandy plain near the village, and we understood that we were expected to breakfast there. Our servants had been supplied with a little dry, scrubby stuff on which to cook our meal, but which was hardly enough to boil the tea-kettle. However, we had our own wood. The Tibetans said they must return for their food to one of the villages we had passed. Before they left us, we entered into an altercation with them over the horses they had promised to secure us, and without which, we said, we should not return over the pass. Seeing we could hope for no compliance from that direction, we asked for a volunteer from among our own coolies who should go at once to Kala Pani and bring over our horses by breakfast time next morning, promising the man who would go a little *bakhshish* (present) and freedom from carrying a load over the pass. One of them—the same who had performed the feat in bringing our horses up to Budi—readily agreed and soon left us.

While our food was being cooked, and till we were again joined by our guides, a man, a girl and two children stayed with us. Their presence did not seem to have been premeditated; but we knew they had been appointed to watch us in the absence of our guard. A young woman from the village brought us some milk, for which we paid, but which we were unable to use in our tea.

The sun was hot and the wind blowing when we again resumed our march. Keeping Gangwa with us, we bade the others go on, thinking that, if the chowkidars had Goriya and the coolies with them, they would have no misgivings on our account. But they did not allow the party to get too far ahead of us. Though we often lingered, still they kept us in sight. The distance from Taklakot to Pala, where we were to spend the night, cannot be more than five miles over a gradual ascent; but it took us hours to accomplish the distance. We were no longer in *bogchas* (Tibetan boots), so were more careful in crossing the streams of water in the way. Over the largest stream there is a bridge; in others Gangwa placed stepping-stones; and, where this was impossible, Miss S. took off her shoes and stockings and waded through the icy water, while I was carried over on Gangwa's back.

At Pala we found the Tibetans standing around while our tent was being pitched, and, as I wearily threw myself on the ground, I thought I should be happy when I saw the last Tibetan. But this was in a fit of human weakness. Afterwards, when we were more rested, we became good friends with our chowkidars. They lent a hand in pitching the tent, and were in reality very unobtrusive in their duties as watchmen. Bhotiyas passing on their way to Taklakot stopped a few minutes to converse with us. We saw a pathetic sight—a widow with a baby in the *doka* on her back, leading one or two horses laden with their domestic necessities, while her eldest daughter followed, leading another little tot. The husband had died a few months before, so the widow was on her way to Taklakot to attend to her own trading. She is one of our friends, and would surely have tarried with us a few moments; but, as our tent was a little off the track, she did not know of our being in the place.

We had a service with our coolies and men; and, when

the chowkidars and the other Tibetans staying in the dharmasala came around, we read them some of our translations from the Gospels. We gave them the last two Tibetan Gospels we had, and one young man felt much aggrieved because we could not find one for him. After our limited advantages in the Bhotiya language, we felt it would be a great pleasure to study a language into which a great part of the Scriptures have already been translated. Our Lhasa friend and the Bhotiya women were in the audience. When the former heard we had quitted Taklakot, he repaired to Pala, bringing us a large cake of gur as his part of the agreement into which we had entered. At Dhungang we had given him a rupee as an earnest of our good faith. We presented each of the Tibetans with some dried radishes and dried potatoes. The latter had been boiled before drying. To a Hindu we should not dare to offer any food that had at all come in contact with water, but we knew Tibetans had no such scruples. At Dhungang the Bhotiya woman had accepted some stale *chipaties*, and, as she and the Lhasa man always ate together, he must have shared them with her. On account of Hindu influence our Bhotiyas are very bigoted on caste lines, and even these very Tibetans would affect caste if they were in Biyas.

While the other Tibetans were present, our teacher-to-be would not broach the subject of his future prospects; but after the others departed, we talked on the service he had agreed to render us. When he learned of our ejection from Taklakot, he poured forth a volley of words which, we were sure, were anything but complimentary to the Raja.

Later in the evening, when two young Tibetans were sitting at our tent door, we examined the thimble of one of them who was at work on a boot. The thimble was made of a strip of leather, and was worn on the first

finger. Miss S., rather unwarily, showed them her mother's silver thimble which was sent her after her mother's death. This aroused the cupidity of one of the young men, who became very anxious to obtain it. We told him we could not give it to him, for it had belonged to Miss S.'s mother, who was dead. He was not satisfied, but a little while after they had left came back again, rubbing his first finger with the other hand. We returned him the same answer as before, and, as night was coming on, we hoped we should not be again troubled by his importunities; but, as we were about to retire, he thrust his head through the curtain in front of our tent, again demanding the thimble. It was rather uncanny having a man's head thrust into our tent after dark, and a Tibetan's head at that, and we could not be sure but that he contemplated paying us another visit. However, securing the thimble, and committing ourselves to our Heavenly Father's care, we lay down on our bed on the ground and soon lost all consciousness in sleep that did not break till morning.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO BIYAS.

IN the morning we had *chhoti hazri* (little breakfast) and then breakfast, and still our horses had not arrived. We arranged our loads, struck our tent and started, knowing that we should soon meet them on the way. We expected to leave our chowkidars behind us, but, to our surprise, they came out prepared to accompany us. Thinking, perhaps, to travel down into Biyas with us, they had evidently clothed themselves in their newest

attire, and presented so clean and respectable an appearance that we wished we could take their pictures. Underneath they wore a long, dark red woollen robe, reaching below the knees; and over it a natural color woollen robe almost the same length as the other. These garments had loose, flowing sleeves and were gathered in at the waist by a girdle. On their heads they wore very fine brown felt hats turned up at the brim. Each had a pack on his back containing a thick woollen blanket and a bag of *satu* (parched wheat meal). When starting on a journey a Tibetan needs nothing in the way of food but a bag of *satu*. This he eats dry or mixed with water. It seems, indeed, to be the one food essential to all who travel in these elevated regions. With the Tibetans, it is a staple food the year round, and is also used to a great extent by the Bhotiyas, who generally eat it mixed with their tea. This beverage with them, churned as it is with salt and *ghi* (clarified butter), and made thick with *satu*, is a more nourishing article than our tea. *Satu* is not very generally used by the hill people, except when travelling in these lofty mountains.

We made very slow progress in walking, and were rejoiced at the sight of our horses coming over a promontory. Our chowkidars began to wish us farewell as soon as our horses met us. Opening their bags, they insisted on our receiving some *satu* from them. As it was superior to what we had brought over from Biyas, we were glad to accept it. Then they told us "to go well," and parted in a most cordial way. Before they left us, we spied some eidelweiss by the side of the road and began to gather some to press. The chowkidars remarked to each other that we were collecting it for medicine, and helped us to add to our store. Asking for some matches, they stopped to light a fire and we saw no more of them.

We were thankful for the sunshine and cloudless day,

such a contrast to the cold, bleak day when we came over the pass. A lohar and a Bhotiya passed us on their way up to the top of the pass, bearing a branch with strips of red cloth tied to it, and a live cock with its feet bound together. These were to propitiate an evil spirit on account of a sick man in Bile Sain. Bhotiyas are superstitious to a degree, and attribute all sickness to the influence of evil spirits. On returning from a journey, the traveller will, before entering his own village, confine thorns and nettles under stones, thinking he has in this way confined an evil spirit that might otherwise have accompanied him into the village. This is done at the heads of passes, at the extremities of dangerous bridges, or of difficult parts of a road. Women have more than once said that no evil spirits can harm us, because we have Jesus Christ with us. Coolies, too, who are sometimes away with us as long as sixty days, have said they are never afraid to leave their homes and be with us, because no harm can befall them while they are with us. When any one is seriously ill in a house an axe is stood up at the door to keep out evil spirits. In approaching the house of a sick one, it looks very ominous to see the axe standing up at the door; and we think what a depressing effect it must have on the sensitive patient, tending not to allay, as the anxious friends fondly hope, but to aggravate the disease. When a patient is brought out to see Miss S., he or she has a sickle tied to the waist to ward off any evil spirits we may have brought with us. Offerings of grains, goats, cocks, etc., are made to appease evil spirits.

We were picking flowers, when the men, who had passed us with their offering, returned with a request from our men to come on without delay, as there was a man on the Pass either dying or dead. Our thoughts at once reverted to the pilgrims we had met the day we descended the pass into Tibet, who were returning to their homes in the Shor

valley, after visiting the sacred shrines in Tibet. These hill people, living within four or five days' marches of Almora never having been accustomed to heights over six or seven thousand feet, find it very difficult to travel in altitudes 14,000 feet and over. As we passed them, they moaned rather than asked: "How far is it to the top?" One poor woman, completely worn out, had thrown herself on the ground. When Miss S. spoke to her, she said: "I'm dying, I cannot climb any more." That day even a Bhotiya young man, who had come with us from Dhungang and had expected to reach Taklakot, gave out, and had to stay behind with the sheep. We thought it must have been one of these weak, perishing ones whose heart failed on reaching the summit. The more suffering a pilgrim undergoes on these perilous journeys, the more virtue is supposed to accrue to him; and if he should lose his life in the undertaking, his salvation is sure.

Just after crossing to the British side we saw the body lying a little way from the road, in a spotless bed of snow. Miss S. went up to it, and, uncovering the face, saw that life was extinct, and did not care to examine any farther. She quite decided in her mind that he was a "*nagri*" man (a man from the lower elevations), because he appeared to have on cotton clothing, whereas a Bhotiya is always recognizable by his *bakhu* (long woollen coat).

The branch which the lohar bore up to the pass was erected on the British side, and the cock with its feet tied was thrown away alive. Our servant told the lohar he had intentions on the latter so he was told where to look for it. That night we shared it with our Christians (Hindus do not eat fowls). It seemed just the thing to tempt our appetites, and we thought it more merciful to the bird to put it to such a use than to leave it in such a helpless condition to starve to death in the snow.

That night we camped at Kala Pani. We intended to rest there the next day, but our coolies were quite out of food, and, as none was obtainable, except at exorbitant prices, we decided to go on. They had to be content on short rations that night, for we could not scrape together enough to give them a full meal. They carried our loads next morning to a lovely pine grove near Gwinzi.

While waiting for breakfast, we saw a long procession of men filing past with axes in their waist bands, and two girls brought up the rear wearing mourning veils on their heads, and one of them was weeping. We were surprised at receiving no sign of recognition from the men, and at last called out: "Where are you going?" But the answer was inaudible. One man came out towards us and asked us for small silver coin in exchange for a rupee, and said they were going to bring something. The incident of the body we had seen on the pass did not occur to us, or it would have thrown some light on this silent march. Later on, two women on their way home from the grist mill, sat awhile to talk with us and from them we learned that the men who had passed were from Nabi — a village about two miles beyond Gwinzi — and they were on the way to bring down the body to the first woody place where they would burn it; for this purpose each was armed with an axe. The weeping girl in the train was the eldest daughter of the deceased. There must always be two girls in every funeral party to carry a white sheet before the dead: the white sheet indicating the way to "*baikunt*" (place of departed spirits).

After all, the man was a Bhotiya; and, as we afterwards learned, a man whom we had known very well. But his face was so changed that Miss S. had not recognized him. We had known him as a kind and affectionate father, and our hearts ached for his sorrowing family.

Bhotiyas on leaving home for Tibet are generally sat-

urated with liquor, saying they are thereby fortified, and able to climb with ease. We naturally thought that this man had been intoxicated, and the combined influence of the liquor and the atmosphere on the heart had caused heart-failure. We were assured, however, that the man had had no liquor, and, as he was on his way home from Tibet, this was probably true. Later when working in the Nabi village, a man, thinking we would communicate with the authorities, was anxious to impress us with the fact that his departed friend had been suffering from some ailment; but what we had learned before did not corroborate this statement. A woman said an evil spirit had seized the man. The occurrence was more mysterious to them than it was to us. They attribute the nausea, headache and other ill effects experienced when travelling in great heights, to the poison exhaled by a certain herb, though no one has yet been able to identify it.

So ended our first, but we hope not our last, visit to Taklakot. We were the first European Missionaries to enter it, and, in fact, the first Europeans to enter it in so peaceful a manner. I have referred to the reception accorded to certain gentlemen who have been in the neighborhood of Taklakot. Of course the Tibetans deserve no credit for admitting us, unmolested, into their stronghold; but we are grateful to them for not using violence toward us, or towards any of our people, after finding us there. We knew our safety was in our being women; our greatest fear had been for our people. We are grateful to them, too, for not attempting to eject us the day we arrived. There were still many hours before nightfall, and nothing to prevent our being sent back to Pala that day. We are thankful for these marks of leniency, insignificant though they be. Above all do we thank our Heavenly Father for sparing us from insults in that strange



DARMA SAUKA GIRLS WEAVING IN THEIR WINTER HOME.

and inhospitable country, though we pray that we may be willing to brave these if it be for His glory.

We are satisfied for the present for the little we were enabled to do in the medical line, and in witnessing for Jesus, when we are so ignorant of the language. We trust, as we become better prepared, the Lord will open the way to greater usefulness.

Before us, a Hindustani preacher, Dr. Harkua Wilson, visited Taklakot two or three times and was able to become well acquainted with the Tibetans. Even he was allowed to remain a short time only on suffrage. The last time he contemplated a visit the Raja sent a messenger to meet him at Kala Pani, begging him to return, for a man of higher authority than he was at Taklakot; and the Raja knew that Dr. Harkua Wilson's presence at Taklakot would make trouble for him.

CHAPTER X.

OUR PANDIT, KARMA.

CHAUDAS, *November, 1902.* — On our return to Chaudas, the Lhasa man, true to his word, appeared to teach us. We soon acquired considerable ability in reading and orthography. We are able to read and write the text, but find it hard to gain any proficiency in translating, as our teacher knows no Hindustani, and cannot give us the meanings of the simplest words. Two Khampas, living in one of the villages here, have occasionally come over to help us in our lessons. Even these people say it is hard for them to follow Karma (our teacher, whose name means, a star), for his enunciation

is very rapid, and he uses the Lhasa dialect with which the people on this side of Tibet are not very familiar. We felt, after Karma had been with us a month and a half, that we could dispense with his services, for, with the help of the Khampas, the Tibetan dictionary and grammar, with the knowledge we had obtained, we think we can do without a regular teacher. The amount of manual labor he performed for us would not justify our keeping him, for, though a strong man, he has an innate aversion to hard work of any kind. His forte seems to be teaching, and in this capacity he does not weary.

We are grateful to him for what we have learned, and shall always have kindly feelings towards him, for the help he has given us. We know there were many to dissuade him from taking this step, both among the Saukas and among the Tibetans, and we fear he will never be able to enter Tibet again from this side, for some have certainly had suspicions of the service he has rendered the Faringies; and, if seen where this fact is known, his life will be in danger. We believe he will live among the Biyasis as a servant, and we may have further opportunities of employing him and of making him acquainted with the Truth. During the winter he proposes making a tour of some of the sacred places on the plains, Hardwar, etc.: he prides himself on the number of shrines he has visited in Tibet.

CHAPTER XI.

WORK IN NEPAUL.

DURING March, 1903, we availed ourselves of the permission that had been granted two or three months before of visiting Deo Thal in Nepaul. We felt we should not be too sanguine till the journey had been really accom-

plished. We could not be sure that the officer, residing on the other side of the Kali River in Dharchula, had, perhaps through the influence of others, changed his mind. However, we made all our preparations, and on March 12th, after breakfast, we despatched our four loads along with a servant and his newly-married wife. We followed soon after, and were concerned, as we went down towards the river, to see our loads detained after crossing the bridge. We had told the Christians we expected to be back in ten or twelve days. We did not know but that we should have to return the same day.

When we ourselves stepped over on the Nepaul side, we were asked by the man in charge of the bridge to open our loads. He had received orders, he said, from his master about our visiting Deo Thal, but it was necessary to inspect our loads. We complied with alacrity. We do not carry any weapons, even on our journeys into Tibet, and we knew there was nothing else to which they could take exception. When the chaprasi (peon) had satisfied himself, he asked for toll. The Bhotiyas and, so far as we know, all others are exempt from paying toll on personal luggage. But, though the man asked us four times as much as we should have paid even if toll were assessed, we were glad to get off so easily. After we were out of sight of the Lieutenant's quarters we breathed freely, and felt we were really on the way to Deo Thal. We were not able to proceed far that day, for the sky was threatening and a heavy hail-storm was on us before we were able to get our tent up.

The next morning we breakfasted beside a Nepalese village, and spoke a few words to the villagers. In the evening we came to the first Bhotiya settlement of about thirty or forty families. That evening and the next morning we worked among these people, and then, after a long march, arrived at Dul Gara, where we found representa-

tives from five villages in Biyas. We spent the whole of Sunday and Monday here, but were not able to reach all the people. Medicine was in great demand. On Sunday evening we showed the magic lantern pictures on the Life of Christ, but as a storm cut short the service, we showed them again the next evening to an audience of about two or three hundred people, and were able to reach many who had not heard the Message in the daytime.

Tuesday and Wednesday we spent at Rae Song. Here we showed the magic lantern to a large and unwieldy audience, under an open shed. The crowd was too large to manage. All were anxious to get under the shed, consequently there was much pushing and crushing, and many did not hear the explanations.

Next we encamped at Mislam Thang, or Deo Thal proper. The people here were anxious that we should show them the magic lantern as we had done in other places; but, unknown to us, the kerosene oil had leaked out of the tin in which it was carried, so we could not use it any more. After this, the weather was such that work at night was out of the question.

Beyond the last Bhotiya settlement is the residence of the Rajwar, the owner of all the land for miles around Deo Thal. A little off the road we had travelled from Dharchula were portions of country thickly populated by Nepalese; but as we had asked permission only to visit among the Bhotiyas, we thought it wise to confine ourselves to them, and to work only among the Nepalese who came to our tent. We had no intentions of visiting the Rajwar, but his son, who came to our tent two or three times, said they were expecting us, had prepared rice, etc., for us, and would be hurt if we left without calling on them. The Rajwar, we were told, was not averse to our visiting him, but he could not invite us to camp in his village, for there were soldiers in the place who had come

down from Silgiri, the residence of an officer in high authority, to attend to some business with the Bhotiyas; and if they took back word that the Rajwar was entertaining *Angrez* (English), he might get into trouble. On Friday we walked over a mile to the Rajwar's. We were conducted to the shade of a tree and waited for our hosts, who finally appeared, preceded by a goat, rice, gur, honey, ghi, and a chicken. Though we take payment from patients for medicines, we were quite overwhelmed by this generous gift, and would have excused ourselves from accepting it if we could have done so without giving offence. We told the Rajwar we would rather he took back the goat, but he said he could not take back a gift.

We were surrounded by all the men of the place, and tried, from the medicines we had brought with us, to supply all their wants. When there was a lull in their demands, we sang and gave them our message. One Hindu in particular was an attentive listener. The Rajwar accompanied us a little way and bade us farewell, saying he would some time visit us in Dharchula. We had heard that the ladies of the place wished to see us, but, belonging to high families, they could not come out among the men, and we did not feel free to ask to see them alone. When passing the houses belonging to the Rajwar and his brothers, we saw fair faces looking out at us from the doors and windows. As no European had ever been in these parts before, they were curious to look on a white face. If we are allowed to visit Deo Thal again, we hope to make their acquaintance.

On Saturday we began our return journey. We breakfasted at Dul Gara, to give some, whom we had not visited, an opportunity to come to us for medicines. We were kept quite busy before, and some time after, breakfast. We need to be impartial in our attentions towards the Bhotiyas, for these people wanted to know if they

were a bad set that we had not come to them to treat them, to show them the magic lantern, and to talk to them about God.

In all these settlements there are a great many Bhotiyas with whom, though coming year after year to Deo Thal, we are not acquainted. Another year we hope to spend a longer time among them. We had told the Nepalese chaprasi that we should be away about twelve days, but we were gone thirteen; and afterwards heard that the Lieutenant was growing anxious about us, for an officer, higher in rank than he, was expected from the interior, and he wished to have us safe out of the country before the officer arrived. We were back in Dharchula on Tuesday, the 24th. Sunday and Monday were very trying days on account of the rain and hail, and we were often much exposed, but were kept through it all.

We did not take our horses into Nepaul on account of the difficulty in getting them across the Kali, and because the roads are so bad that horses would be of little use. By taking short marches, and working as we went, we had not much difficulty in accomplishing the twenty-five or thirty miles to Deo Thal.

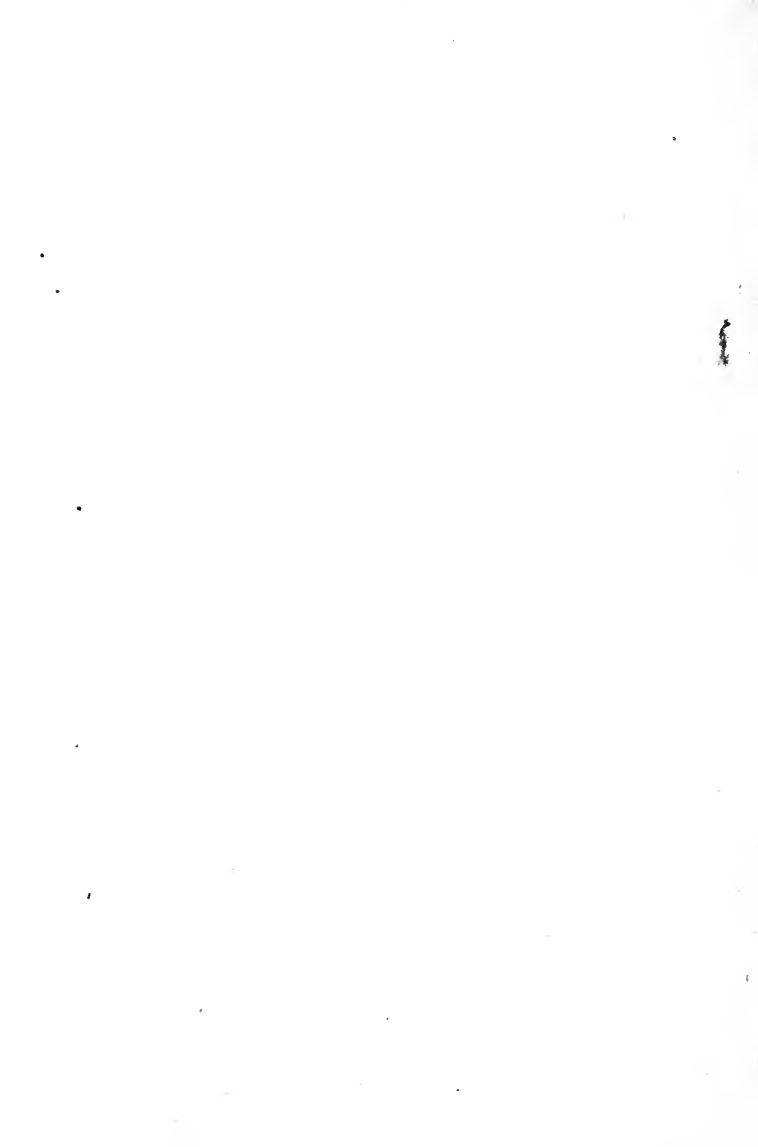
We had in all about 210 patients and distributed about two or three hundred tracts. The latter were given away chiefly to children who would try to learn Christian hymns, and who would sit still while we gave them a story from the Bible. The Bhotiyas are not great readers. One reason is that the men lead such unsettled lives, and another is that tracts and papers being in Hindi are not well understood. At Deo Thal we heard, when passing a shed, a man reading aloud, and looking in, were pleased to see he was reading one of our tracts.

We hope that those who read this little book may be inspired anew to pray for the work in this part of the

vineyard. We see no evidence yet of a desire to turn from darkness to light, or to break away from old superstitions and customs. The aggressive among the people are quick to build new and substantial houses, to affect the manners and customs of the Hindus, to take Hindu newspapers and religious books, to smoke cigarettes and to gamble with cards; but they are not ready to accept the pure religion of Jesus Christ. They are learning about the Saviour and His atonement and we believe that some day we shall see fruit, especially from among the young. If small boys can give correct answers to such questions as:—“What is man’s condition?” “Who is Jesus Christ?” “Why did He come to earth?”—we think they are learning something that may some day bring forth fruit unto salvation.

Friends can help forward the work by offering earnest and effectual prayer for the opening up of these two closed lands, and for the Bhotiyas, that the Spirit may work in their hearts to show them that they are sinners, and that in Christ is their only hope of salvation.

May others be led to prepare themselves for this work.





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